THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LX — Historical Society — J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1927.

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Hats take new lines and indicate the return of trimmings. Shapes are still head-fitting, but the dorned crown sometimes adjusts a Russian coronet, turns back a slashed brim, droops, a tiny brush at the side, or wears a velvet applique.

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Rayon Silk Vests, $1.25, $1.50 each.

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B & T Sex Hosiery, full fashioned, all shades and sizes, $2 pair.

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Gifts for Men and Boys

—GLOVES, TIES,
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—SWEATERS,
—PYJAMAS, SOCKS,
—BELTS, SUSPENDERS,
—SUIT or OVERCOAT

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

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MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on SATURDAY, JAN. 14th, 1928, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of T. B. German, 60 John street, Napanee, the following property, namely:

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being, in the Township of Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, lying south of the travelled road crossing said lot containing forty acres more or less.

Second: The south half of all that part of the east half of lot number twenty-one (21) in the fourth concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, which lies south of the travelled road crossing said lot containing by admeasurement forty-two acres be the same more or less.

The above is a desirable farm property situated in a good locality, within a distance of about five (5) miles from Napanee and within a short distance of what is known as the Hamburgh road.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

Terms of Sale:10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

A baby born in Chicago without brains failed to survive. We know a number of others similarly handicapped who seem to have pulled through very satisfactorily.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

WANTED—A reliable housekeeper. Easy position. Apply to Drawer 180, Napanee, Ont. 4-bp

LOST—Between Napanee and Kingston, two Ford tires, with carrier and light. Will finder please 'phone 67, Napanee.

STORE TO RENT—In Oddfellows' block (formerly Harshaw block) newly decorated, new front. Possession January 1st, 1928. Apply E. J. POLLARD.

LOST—At Grace Church bazaar or between the church and the Public Library, a small bill fold, containing some bills. Will finder return same to this office and receive reward. 3

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

LOST—A brown suit case, between Roblin Hill and Sillsville, containing clothing and other valuable articles. Elliott VanAlstyne's name on tag. Finder please leave at this office. 4-ap

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Misty Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISH-RITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

CENSUS OF U. S. BUSINESS.

Smaller Concerns Continue Dominant Factor in Store and Factory.

Small business concerns are still the dominating factor in American domestic commerce, despite the conspicuous place occupied by large-scale enterprises, according to a survey just made by the national industrial conference board.

An exhaustive enquiry into the industrial and commercial components of the nation's business has just been completed by the board. It reveals that an average of only 10 persons is employed in each concern, including manufacturing, mining, and trade companies.

A condition where "large and small concerns can, and do, exist side by side in the highly competitive market" is viewed by the board as of utmost significance.

The report holds that even in manufacturing, where large scale production is the dominant factor as measured by output and number of employes, the moderate sized plant still remains the typical unit.

"While the growth of large scale business has been most notable in manufacturing, nearly three-fourths of all manufacturing plants in 1923 employed only 20 wage earners or less each," the survey shows.

"About two-thirds of all plants in 1923 produced goods not exceeding $100,000 in value. The dominant part played by large scale production, however, can be appraised by the fact that, on the basis of 1925 data, it takes only about one-third in number of all manufacturing plants to turn out two-thirds in value of all products. Thus one-third of all plants employs nearly nine-tenths of all wage earners in the industry.

"While thus a factory employing 1,000 wage earners may be more important than 100 employing 10 workers each, the ability of the small producer to maintain a competitive position is an important factor in the stability of the general situation, the board declares.

"In trade," the report continues, "smaller units not only predominate but also handle the bulk of the business. In spite of the rapid growth of chain stores, department stores and mail order houses, these groups combined are reported to be handling only about 30 per cent. of the total retail business.

"In banking, likewise, the smaller units by far prevail."

Nova Scotia a Winner.

Nova Scotia won the Agent-General's Challenge Cup at the Imperial Fruit Show held in Manchester, England, having obtained the greatest number of points in the overseas section of the show, the basis for award being 4 points for each first prize, 3 for each second, 2 for each third and 1 for each entry receiving 75 per cent. Nova Scotia had 48 entries and won 7 first, 8 seconds and 5 thirds.

Industrial Quebec.

Montreal towers over the numerous cities and towns of Quebec province in its industrial capitalization and production, the former figure standing at $517,208,256, and the latter at $460,252,367. In the Canadian metropolis 90,584 persons are employed in the 1,661 industries, receiving in salaries and wages the sum of $38,441,894.

Were There Still.

"It's easy to see your people come from Ireland."

"An' that's where ye're wrong. They did nothin' of the kind."

"What! didn't they come from Ireland? With that brogue?"

"They did not. They're there yet."

TOWNSHIP OF NORTH FREDERICKSBURGH

VOTE FOR

J. W. CLARK

FOR REEVE FOR 1928

ELECTORS OF NAPANEE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of a large number of the ratepayers I have consented to stand for re-election as Councillor for 1928.

Your Vote and Influence is solicited.

Thanking you for the expression I confidence in the past, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
W. H. DUNBAR.

Re-Elect

W. J. JEWELL

FOR COUNCILLOR FOR 1928

TO THE ELECTORS

As a ratepayer and business man of Napanee, I humbly solicit your vote and influence as Councillor for the year 1928. Wishing all the Compliments of the Season, I am

Sincerely yours,
A. S. KIMMERLY.

Re-Elect

SIMPSON

1928 Council

ELECTORS OF NAPANEE

Economy and system means progress.

Your Vote and Influence is requested for

A. S. HUGHSON

As Councillor for 1928.

TOWN OF NAPANEE

Your vote and influence is respectfully solicited for

CHAS. N. LOUCKS

for Councillor for 1928.

Wishing one and all the Compliments of the Season.

TO ELECTORS OF NAPANEE

I am again a candidate for Councillor for 1928 and would be pleased to receive your hearty support.

GEO. J. TUSTIN.

TO ELECTORS OF NAPANEE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Having been urged to accept nomination as a candidate for Councillor for 1928, I wish to take this opportunity of asking for your vote and influence. It will be impossible for me to make a personal canvas and I take this opportunity of presenting my name to you.

E. O. UNGAR.

TOWN OF NAPANEE

Your Vote and Influence is solicited for

JOHN G. DALY

for Councillor for 1928

Wishing you all the Compliments of the Season.

Soda Lake.

The British Empire possesses another curious and valuable lake besides the pitch lake of Trinidad. This is a vast natural deposit of soda situated at Magadi in Kenya Colony, east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. This lake has an area of at least fifty square miles and an unknown depth. It is so concentrated as to contain crystals as well as their "mother liquor," and it looks in consequence as if it were frozen. No sooner has excavation taken place than more soda is deposited from saturated water from many springs. Thus the supply seems inexhaustible and a railway has been built especially to serve it, refineries have been established, and something approaching 200,000 tons of soda are produced there annually.

Willow-weaving from Jugoslavia.

Bringing to Canada the craft of willow-weaving, a new Canadian industry from Jugoslavia, has so demonstrated the possibility of manufacture of wicker furniture from Manitoba willow, that the Industrial Development Board has decided to promote the industry within the province.

Road Building In Quebec.

Hon. J. L. Perron, Minister of Roads, reports that 1,307 miles of new roadway has been built during the 1927 season, and that 90 per cent. of the existing roads are now in good shape.

Health, Happiness, and Prosperity

is the wish we extend to One and All

For the Year 1928

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

With ice in the bay and the merry jingle of cutter bells, it seems as if winter has really arrived.

The Women's Institute were entertained at the home of Mrs. George Smith for their December meeting. No meetings will be held during January and February, but the members hope to prepare a play during the winter to be given early in the spring.

Mrs. J. W. Dorland has left to spend the winter in Kingston.

Mr and Mrs. Norman Davis arrived on Saturday last. They have disposed of their property in Manitoba and intend residing in Ontario.

Mrs. Russel Cousins spent a week at her home in Galt.

WILTON.

Mr and Mrs. Jack Long and daughter, Dorothy, of Oshawa, are spending their holidays with Mrs. Long's sister, Mrs. Archie Simmons.

The public school concert was held on December 21st and the Sunday school on the 24th.

The W. M. S. held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. John Carr on Wednesday and a large number were present. The election of officers was the main business. Delicious refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Mr. Arthur Davison had the misfortune to break his ankle.

All were sorry to hear of the death of an old resident, Mr. Thomas Rogers, Oxbow. Much sympathy is extended to the family.

Mr. Edward Parrott, of Flint, Mich., is spending his holidays with his parents here.

Miss Lulu Simmons, R.N., Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Simmons.

YARKER.

The Christmas weather was very favourable and everyone enjoyed it.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson and family, of Rochester, spent the Christmas holidays with relatives here.

Mr. Bouman, banker, spent the week-end at his home in Frankford.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Gilbert and family, of Gananoque, and Mrs. Rombough and Mrs. H. Huffman spent Christmas at Foy Freeman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Warner were at Glenburnie for Christmas.

Mr and Mrs. John Curle were at M. Burgess', Colebrook, for Christmas.

The W. I. concert was largely attended on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lee and son, Ronald, of Flint, Mich., are home for the holidays.

Miss Mary Manion, of Kingston, is home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. M. Lake spent Saturday in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Amey spent Christmas at Belleville.

A number have been shut in with the grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Buck and family, and Miss B. Wilson spent Christmas at D. H. Smith's.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cowdy and family spent Christmas with his father at Murvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jaynes and Mrs. Warner were entertained at Mrs. Jaynes' for Christmas.

Misses Alice and Madeline Cowdy and Mr. Oscar Cowdy spent Saturday evening at A. Cowdy's.

Mr. Fred Brown and H. Stover are installing phones on River Road for A. Salisbury, B. Allan, J. Curle and P. Manion.

Messrs. Allen and Murrell Wright, K. Freeman and O. Shae, spent Christmas night with their friends at Enterprise.

Dr. Andre Tours, a French scientist, claims to have discovered a method whereby the human body can be rendered as transparent as glass, so that the organs can be seen working as if in a mirror. Some experts think his discovery will surpass the X-ray in its value to surgery and medicine.

TAMWORTH JUNIOR ROOM.

H Class, total 800—Emily Lott 679, Kenneth Currah 659, Donald Hunt 625, Madeleine Tucker 621, Leona Huffman 620, Edwin Lochead 569, Myrtle Gregory 561, John Hopkins 532, Jean Wagar 509, Thomas Hopkins 488 George Lynch 463, Wilfred Courneya 449, Sam Richmond 362, James Card 354, Clarence Baker 353

G Class, total 550—Kenneth Stinson 497, Vernon Doyle 490, Bruce Richardson 424, Doris Schoolcraft 406, Marguerite McDonald 393, Melbourne Woodcock 376, Gerald Lott 354, Gertrude Richmond 327, Almonte Card 323, Harold Rogers 313, Garnet Kirkpatrick 310, Annie Hanna 299, Lila Rogers 260, Bruce Watters 259, Audrey Kirkpatrick 243

Primer Class—Dominic Courneya, Bert Hinchey, Marguerite Gilmore, Reta Donohue, Ronald Doyle, Reginald Richmond, Clinton Kellar, William Paul, Ida Wilson, Roland Kirke, Edna Williams, Helen Marshall, Teacher, Olive Blair.

DESERONTO.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gold and daughter are the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rod. Rennie, for the Christmas season.

Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Wallbridge and family spent Christmas in Montreal, the guests of the latter's brother, Mr. Allen McKay and Mrs McKay.

Miss Estelle McKinney was the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. J. Dunn, for Christmas.

Miss Sadie Malley, of Toronto, spent the Yuletide with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Malley.

Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell and daughter, Marian, of Toronto, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Vandervoort.

Misses Reita Ready, of Toronto, and Frances, of Corkery, were guests of their parents for the Christmas holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett O'Neill, of Toronto, and children are spending the Yuletide with the latter's parents, Mr and Mrs. T. C. Malley.

Mr. and Ms. Dunlop, of Toronto, and Miss Beatrice Joyce were the guests of Mr and Mrs. G. A. Joyce for Christmas.

Mrs. R. Hetherington, Mr. William Hetherington and children spent Christmas in Toronto, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Sullivan and Miss Sadie Hetherington.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Thompson and daughter, Doris Jean, were the guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Naylor, for the Yuletide.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and daughter, of Mimico, were the guests of Mr. Gaines parents, Mr. and Mrs. Revin, for the Christmas season.

Miss Ada Bell, of Toronto, is the guest of her parents for the Christmas season.

Misses Normile, of Windsor, are spending the Yuletide with their parents, Mr and Mrs. M. Normile.

Miss Ursula Brennan is spending the Christmas holidays at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Allum spent Christmas with the latter's niece, Mrs. Gibson, in Windsor.

The annual Christmas entertainment, under the aupices of the Union Sunday school was held on Monday evening.

Mr. Robert Rixen, of Oshawa, spent Christmas at his home here.

Mr. Wm. Joyce, of the Standard Bank, Napanee, spent the holidays at his home here.

Miss Helena Naphin, Kingston, James, of Napanee, and Leo, of Hamilton, spent Christmas at their home here.

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB Special Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday, Dec. 30th. Remember the date.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

TOWN NOMINATIONS

Nomination meeting was held in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, with Mr. W. A. Grange, Town Clerk, presiding. An unusually large list of nominations were handed in.

FOR MAYOR.

Ed. J. Roy—Nominated by Wilfred S. Wilson and G. H. Anderson.
W. M. Howitt—Nominated by E. W. Metcalf and W. H. Ker.
Geo. J. Tustin—Nominated by F. L. Thompson and C. W. Hambly.
Arthur S. Kimmerly—Nominated by E. J. Walters and F. C. Martin; and by T. B. German and Dr. Willoughby.
F. S. Boyes—Nominated by L. A. Scott and J. V. Topping.
J. M. Simpson—Nominated by H. W. Huffman and W. E. Howitt.

FOR REEVE.

Geo. J. Tustin—Nominated by C. W. Hambly and F. T. Thompson.
F. S. Boyes—Nominated by A. S. Hughson and J. V. Toppings; and by D. B. Wilson and Dr. Cowan.

FOR COUNCIL.

J. Geale Daly—Nominated by J. M. Simpson and R. H. Paul.
Arthur S. Hughson—Nominated by W. H. Ker and L. A. Scott.
Geo. J. Tustin—Nominated by O. Sculthorpe and A. S. Hughson; and by F. Maracle and E. W. Metcalf.
Jno. V. Topping—Nominated by A. S. Hughson and W. H. Dunbar.
A. S. Kimmerly—Nominated by G. H. Anderson and R. H. Paul.
F. S. Boyes—Nominated by J. V. Topping and A. S. Hughson.
J. H. Fitzpatrick—Nominated by O. N. Rockwell and W. F. Kelly.
Thos. H. Huffman—Nominated by Joe Deschene and W. H. Ker.
Elgin O. Ungar—Nominated by H. Denison and W. E. Higgs.
Harold Denison—Nominated by T. B. German and W. H. Dunbar.
J. M. Simpson—Nominated by A. S. Kimmerly and J. H. Fitzpatrick; and by H. W Huffman and Wm. Howitt.
D. B. Wilson—Nominated by Wm. Howitt and W. E Higgs.
F. S. Boyes—Nominated by R. H. Paul and D. A. Garrison
Alpine Woods—Nominated by D. B. Wilson and T. B. German.
Harry L. VanLuven—Nominated by Dr. Cowan and D. B. Wilson.
Arthur S. Hughson—Nominated by W. H. Wilson and W. M. Howitt; and by W. H. Ker and L. A. Scott.
C. A. Wiseman—Nominated by D. B. Wilson and J. V. Toppings.
Jas. H Moffat—Nominated by Wm. Howitt and D. B. Wilson.
W. M. Howitt—Nominated by W. H. Ker and F. Maracle.
W. H. Dunbar—Nominated by J. V. Topping and A. S. Hughson.
Clarence P. Denison—Nominated by C. J. Papineau and J. B. Vanalstine.
Wm. J. Jewell—Nominated by A. S. Hugson and H. J. Bristol.
W. H. Ker—Nominated by W. H. Dunbar and W. E. Higgs.
F. B. Elliott—Nominated by H. W. Huffman and F. J. Vanalstine.
Chas. Loucks—Nominated by D. A. Garrison and R. H. Paul.
E. O. Ungar—Nominated by Wm Howitt and C. J. Papineau.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

East Ward—Jas. H. Craig—Nominated by W. H. Dunbar and S. C. Baird.
Centre Ward—Alpine Woods—Nominated by J. G. Fennell and M. P. Graham.
West Ward—Dr. J. B. Willoughby—Nominated by G. H. Anderson and Wm. Masters.

(All elected by acclamation.)

PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSIONER.

T. B. Wallace—Nominated by T. B. German and E. J. Pollard.

(Elected by acclamation.)

At the close of the nominations, Clerk W. A. Grange declared the three School Trustees and Mr. Wallace for Utilities Commissioner, elected by acclamation.

At the close of the nominations the usual public meeting was held. The retiring Mayor, Mr. E. J. Roy, was not present to give an account of his stewardship and of the old council, Mr. J. M. Simpson gave a very fair statement of the financial standing of the town. Mr. Simpson also handed Councillor J. W. Jewell a nice compliment for his efforts in connection with the work done on the Town Hall. Mr. Jewell gave a lot of time and thought to this work and the job is a credit to the town.

Reeve Boyes thanked the electors for past support and dealt briefly with county matters, stressing the importance of creating good feeling between the town and county.

Mr Howitt expressed his intention of trying for the Mayor's chair, provided Mr. Roy would not accept a second term.

Councillors Kimmerly, Dunbar, Fitzpatrick and Jewell also briefly addressed the meeting and a few of the new nominees also spoke a few words before the meeting closed.

All the speakers spoke strongly in favor of the town hall by-law. A commencement has been made on the work and it should be carried under the present plan, will have to be done piecemeal and the cost would probably be greater in the end. The town can well afford to have a town building in keeping with the rest of the Square and the proposed public lavatory in the basement is a necessity. Vote for the By-Law.

THE CONTEST.

Mayor E. J. Roy and Reeve F. S. Boyes were given their respective offices by acclamation.

The contest for a seat at the Council Board for the year 1928 will be between the following citizens: W. H. Dunbar, W. J. Jewell, A. S. Kimmerly, J. M. Simpson, John G. Daly, E. O. Ungar, A. S. Hughson, Chas. Loucks, Geo. J. Tustin.

FURTHER NOMINATIONS

DENBIGH, ABINGER and ASHBY

For Reeve—Chas. Both (acclamation).

For Councillors—K. G. Adams, Adolf Glaeser, Alex Jackson, William Slater, Lloyd Thompson, William Wagar.

NEWBURGH.

(Acclamation.)

For Reeve—G. A. Aylesworth.
For Council—Chas. G. Walker, G. H. Bray, Ward R. Wartman, Harry E. Sutton.

AMHERST ISLAND.

Acclamation.)

Reeve—Allan N. Hutchins.
Council—W. A. Scott, R. P. Saunders, W. D. Taylor, J. W. Brown.

RICHMOND.

(Acclamation.)

For Reeve—A. C. Tummon.
For Councillors—S. J. Mowers, A. H. Oliver, Herbert S. Windover, M. H. Sexsmith.

CAMDEN

(Acclamation.)

Reeve—R. J. Cousins.
Deputy Reeve—E. J. Judge.
Council—F. McLaughlin, K. L. Weese, J. A. Salisbury.

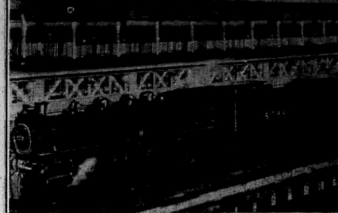
SHEFFIELD.

Reeve—Herbert York, A. B. Carscallen.
Council—James Byrnes, Daniel Gilmour Hinchey, Thomas Stewart Howes, Patrick Joseph O'Neil, Clare Leslie Wagar, Patrick Jas. Whalen.

DESERONTO.

For Mayor—Leo Therrien (the present Mayor); Dr. H. A. Boyce, Robert Miller, C. W. Malley.
For Reeve—E. C. Metcalfe (the present Reeve); C. A. Argue, W. H. Harvey, Edward Roach, Alfred McCullough.
For Councillors—Milton Hunt, M. Rathbun, E. Roach, T. L. McCullough, G. M. Campbell, Geo. C. Joyce, Jack Potter, E. Harnden, R. Miller, Frank Whitton, James Sherman, W. R. Thomas, Charles Weiss.

There was only one nominated for school trustee. Mr. Charles Brennan, so another nomination for school trustee will have to be held.



Japanese Oranges for Canadian Christmas

Rather more than four oranges for every man, woman and child in Canada or a total of 482,000 boxes of this fragrant fruit were landed at Pier "B-C" of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver in December, and were rushed through the prairie provinces and to the east of Canada for the Christmas trade. Photograph shows the first of these C.P.R. trains across Canada leaving the pier on its rush east. Three more trains followed it at short intervals from the pier, and in all seven special trains were used to convey this huge consignment. The likelihood is therefore pretty strong that many of the oranges you may see hanging from Christmas trees or peeping out of Christmas stockings were grown in the Land of the Rising Sun. It is further an indication of the great trade passing through the port of Vancouver.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

JOHN THE BAPTIST AND JESUS

Sunday, Jan. 1.—Mark 1 : 1-13

Golden Text—He must increase, but I must decrease. John 3 : 30).

For six months we are to study the shortest of the four Gospels. One of the many evidences of the unique, supernatural and infallible inspiration of the Bible is the fact that the four different accounts of the life and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ have each a different purpose, are written from different standpoints, are addressed to different constituencies, have many variations, and yet have no contradictions.

In the notable series published last year in The Globe, entitled "The Gist of the Bible," Dr. Alvin E. Bell showed the differing purposes of the four Gospels.

Matthew wrote to the Jews to prove that Jesus of Nazareth was King of the Jews and Messiah of Old Testament prophecy.

Mark wrote to the Romans to show Jesus Christ as the mighty wonder-working Servant of God. "To the Romans the great things of life were action, service, efficiency," and these are brought out by Mark.

Luke wrote to the Greeks concerning Christ as the ideal Man, the Son of man.

John wrote "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God."

St. John's is the Gospel of Christ's deity, as Luke's is the Gospel of His humanity, and Matthew's of His Kingship, and Mark's of His servantship.

Yet, as the Scofield Reference Bible points out, the one unique Personality is found in all four Gospels: for Matthew's King is also Servant, and Man and God; and Mark's Servant is also King, and Man and God; Luke's Man is also King, and Servant and God; and John's Eternal Son is also King, and Servant and Man.

John Mark, the writer of the Gospel, was like Simon Peter, a man who had failed sadly in his service of Christ, and was forgiven, restored, and then given the immortal stewardship of writing a book of the Bible. (See Acts 12 : 25 ; 15 : 37, 38 ; II Tim. 4 : 11.)

The first verse tells us that it is "the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the son of God." Good news is the theme of all four Gospels. Good news to men could come only through bad news to Christ; their life necessitated His death; their salvation required His condemnation. He was human, as shown in the name, Jesus. He was divine, as shown in the official and Scriptural title Christ. And He was "the Son of God."

His forerunner, sent of God to prepare the way for Him, at once comes into the narrative. John the Baptist was a "separated" man. His message showed it, his clothing showed it, his food and habits showed it. He cared nothing for this world's luxuries and comforts, but chose a girdle of skin with a camel's hair garment, and ate locusts and wild honey.

John called upon men to be separated also, to separate themselves from their sins. He preached "the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." Can men set themselves free from their sins? They cannot; but they can show sorrow for their sins and turn away from them, and indicate their readiness and desire to be saved from them. This is alright John's baptism stood for.

Some one was coming after him, whose baptism was going to mean more. This One was so much mightier than John that the forerunner said, "the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." John could baptize men with water; "but He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost." When we remember that the Holy Ghost is God Himself, this means that Christ's baptism should give God to men, and give men to God. That is a Gospel indeed—and the only Gospel.

John had an enormous following. There must have been hundreds of thousands who flocked to hear him, and to be baptized. He swept the city of Jerusalem and the Province of Judea. What accounts for this? Surely God was working on the hearts of men, convicting them of sin. It was one of the great revivals of history.

There followed a wonder of wonders. The "One mightier," who could baptize men with God, came to John to be baptized! Already he was showing forth the key verse of this Gospel (Mark 10 : 45) : "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." He could be the sinner's Saviour only by becoming the sinner's Substitute; and He took the place of the sinner when He was baptized of John.

Instantly a miracle occurred. The heavens opened, the Holy Spirit (with whom Christ was to baptize men) descended like a dove upon Him; God's voice was heard speaking from Heaven: "Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

At the beginning of His earthly ministry, and at the end, God and man testified to the sinless character of Christ: He was "in favor with God and man." God declared, at His baptism, that He was "well pleased" with His Son. Three and a half years later, as He was about to die, Pilate said to the chief priests and to the people, "I find no fault in this man" (Luke 23 : 4).

Nor could 40 days of tempting in the wilderness, by Satan himself, bring any fault into Him. Immediately after the baptism and the divine attestation from Heaven, the Holy Spirit "driveth Him into the wilderness" and there followed the terrific temptations of Satan which are recorded more fully in Matthew and Luke. But, as some one has said, while the wild beasts were there, so were the angels.

Here and There

British Columbia's forest rangers and patrolmen report a reduction in forest fires costs of practically 90 per cent., compared with 1926. The total loss this year was about $214,000.

An air line between Halifax and New York city for freight, express and mail, is being considered by Halifax business interests, according to a report made to the United States Department of Commerce by Consul Eric W. Magnuson.

The Canadian Pacific Express Company has extended its service into the new gold field of northwestern Quebec, reaching Rouyn over the recently completed extension of the Nipissing Central Railway. This extension provides a new and short route into the rapidly developing mining area.

Turkey raising is a coming industry in Alberta as a number of successes at various fairs would indicate. A recent move in this connection is the formation of the Alberta Bronze Turkey Breeders' Association, which is now active in promoting and extending the turkey breeding industry.

According to Dr. J. B. MacDougall, Assistant Chief Inspector of the Ontario Provincial Department of Education, the operation of the Canadian Pacific school car in northern Ontario has proved a more successful venture than the Department had ever expected. He stated that the progress of the pupils during the year of operation has been remarkable.

The Western Canada Grain Pool contemplates spending $5,000,000 during the coming year in extensions to facilities in country elevators and terminals in Western Canada, according to George H. Melver, General Sales Manager of the Pool, on a visit to Toronto recently. The building programme includes 100 or 150 country elevators in Alberta; 150 in Saskatchewan and 40 in Manitoba. At present there are 160 in Alberta, 780 in Saskatchewan and 50 in Manitoba.

Close on 400 miles of branch line construction in Saskatchewan and Alberta have been virtually completed up to December 1st by the Canadian Pacific Railway, according to a report from headquarters. On 282 miles of this construction grain from the current year's harvest is being taken out, and while work is closed down at this date on most of them, there are still some on which bridge and other construction work is being proceeded with.

About 300 carloads of Christmas trees will be delivered to the trade from the Province of Quebec from the end of November forward, according to indications of traffic received at Canadian Pacific Railway headquarters. This will mean about 500,000 trees of a value of about $150,000 to the farmers of this province. The average size of the trees for the New York and Boston markets is about 6 feet. They are mostly white spruce and balsam of the "weed tree" variety which is of prolific growth and little commercial value.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

BUTTERMILK FOR HEALTH

Few beverages are more popular than buttermilk. It is a universal favourite and extensively used on account of its flavour and food value. It is often prescribed for babies with weak digestion and for older people, and in a Dominion Department of Agriculture circular on buttermilk, healthy people are advised to drink more of it. Buttermilk may be made out of skim-milk. Allow the milk to sour naturally at ordinary room temperature until it curdles, then shake vigorously until the curd is broken up. It should then be strained, covered and kept in a cool place. If a little whole milk or a very small amount of cream is added before serving, the flavour will be very similar to old fashioned buttermilk. The souring of the skim-milk may be hastened by adding a small quantity of buttermilk or sour milk, but this starter should be freshly soured and of good flavour. Buttermilk may be used in many recipes, and a number are given in the circular, which may be obtained from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

NOW MATCH-SELLER.

Stage Star Married Thrice and Spent Three Fortunes.

Married and widowed three times and having spent three fortunes Miss Kathleen Lucile Foote, a sister of the American governor of Porto Rico, now sells matches in the same street that contains the theatres where she was once a "star."

Miss Foote, whose pitch is in Aldwych, London, England, has played some of Shakespeare's greatest feminine parts.

"I often think of the days when I was a girl of 21, with the promise of a brilliant career on the stage," she said in an interview.

"I started right from the bottom, too, and worked my way up. Shakespeare, musical comedy, farce, melodrama—I played them all!

"I was with Dion Boucicault for three years, and played at the Gaiety the night before I left for a triumphant 20 weeks' tour of Australia.

"I married an Australian army captain, and he died, and then I married a nephew of a lord mayor of London. He died, too, and by then I had been left two fortunes. I married again, this time to a rich tobacco manufacturer in the city.

"When he died seven years ago I had yet another fortune—£7,000.

"I hardly know myself what happened to it all. I used to live in a gorgeous flat in Eldon gardens, Maida Vale, and then I bought a house at Kew. When the war came I sold the house for a quarter of what I gave for it.

"I had a good time among the members of the profession and now the Actors' Association say they cannot help me as I left the profession entirely when I married the second time.

"Yet I was understudy to Marie Tempest and was with George Edwards for three or four years, and used to play with Seymour Hicks, Ellaline Terriss and all the others."

Character In a Laugh.

"People who laugh heartily may be trusted," said a student of psychology recently. "These people laugh with their eyes and the whole body as well as the vocal cords, and they are usually generous and sympathetic.

"Laughter is a sure indication of character. The man who laughs in his throat, with an almost straight line for a mouth, is usually shrewd and cautious, and not always overscrupulous in his methods.

"Inside laughers, whose shaking shoulders express their mirth, are good-natured, and make excellent parents, while those who laugh without a smile are hard-hearted and cruel. People with little jerky laughs are often of shallow character, and are unable to withstand temptation. They are, however, often mentally brilliant.

"People who laugh explosively and loudly are not the hearty, bluff creatures they are generally believed to be.

"The large-hearted souls are those who laugh but rarely, but whose joy is reflected in eyes, lips, and face."

Seals and Sea Lions Increasing.

Seals and sea lions are increasing so rapidly on the coast of California that the fishing industry is seriously menaced. In at least one American State an official hunter is employed to exterminate them.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. adv

THE WEEK IN OTTAWA

BY R. J. DEACHMAN.

The chances are that the House will meet January 26th, for the institution is to be shorn of its whiskers and all its eighteenth century habiliment. Heretofore, talk has been unlimited in the House. Cases are on record where men stood up and talked for seven hours; they only quit then because of the necessity of going out for a drink. Now it is proposed to limit speeches to forty minutes, though a Premier or Leader of the Opposition will be able to talk regardless! The House is to close at eleven o'clock and if either of these two gentlemen reach that hour with any unfinished words the audience will at least have another until three o'clock the following day.

It is a safe guess that under the circumstances, speeches will improve. Place no limit of time upon a man and he will wander about as aimlessly as lovers are for a stroll. Start him out over a stiff road to catch a train in forty minutes and he will get there if the heavens fall, providing he does not take a stroke of apoplexy. The House must now take new models for its inspiration. In the past it has copied more or less Mr. Bennett and Mr. King. Both of these gentleman are absolutely prodigals in the use of time. Neither being blest with a wife, has felt the necessity of waiting for someone, and not knowing the meaning of the word they do not know when to stop. "Pep" is now to be the order of the day. It will be a delightful change.

OTHER CHANGES.

In the past, Members have loaded up the order paper with private resolutions. They gave a chance for members to advertise their own greatness. Some of these were great stuff. It was a fine thing to send back to Podunk Centre, a story of how that defender of freedom, "your local member," had a resolution on the order paper for the discussion of this and that and so. It was food for discussion around the corner drug-store, but all that has changed. Hereafter, there will only be one resolution at a time. The vista will be a bit clearer and certain members will be saved the necessity of a lot of thought.

Probably the average Member would like to suggest that a further change be made in the matter of divorce bills. These have been read singly and in solemn, but hurried tones by Mr. Speaker. The block system ought to be applied. Fifty or one hundred names of applicants for freedom should be printed in one sheet and the Speaker might announce "I have here the names of a goodly bunch of married people who desire to be untied. If either one has any objection let him speak now or forever after hold his peace." Thus would three or four hours of reading which nobody ever listened to, be cut from the record. But Parliament having started to reform itself, may take the notion to make further reforms. Change is a habit of thought and a habit of life. There is nothing in the world to hinder Parliament from experimenting. If we are to have companionate marriages, why not what about an experimental House of Commons? They might experiment on their rules and regulations and if they did not like the new conditions, drift back to the land of "As you were."

WEALTH GROWS

These are happy days for men of high finance. The air of the entire country is full of mergers and stock dividends and splits and all those other things which indicate a highly hilarious condition in the world of finance. The various manufacturers of enamelware combined some time ago. A merger among the Woollen Companies of Canada is now rumored. This is highly desirable. The Woollen industry of Canada is in a peculiar condition. Some Companies are making big money, Brains, energy and competent administration have put them in a happy condition. Others are in the dumps and crying on the door step of the Government for aid. By proper combination, this condition may be relieved and a greater measure of prosperity accrue to the industry. Still combinations are bound to call for regulation and the high cost of living, an old bird the way, still sits above the Chamber door.

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS

Our Agricultural lands are filling up. There is a good deal of criticism of Mr. Forke's Department, but that gentleman has troubles to face which are not so simple as they seem. It is difficult to get the right kind of settlers in Great Britain. The Old Land is an industrial country and we are not particularly anxious for industrial settlers, and conditions in many of the Agricultural countries in Europe are much better than they have been for some time.

The Canadian National Railways report the settlement of approximately 5,000 people or over 1,000 families on 230,000 acres of land along its lines during the past summer. Not a tremendous amount, it is true, but making nevertheless, a substantial contribution to the increasing Agricultural Production of the Dominion and adding always to the never ending current of grain which moves outward, to the markets of the world. Both sides of politics take full credit for National development, but Provinces should get at least a share.

ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAYS

There is a growing interest in the question of the deepening of the St. Lawrence Canals. It would not be surprising if within the next year or two it becomes the vital political issue in the Dominion. It is a question that requires deep study and carefully thought out opinion. There may be four sides to the question. Perhaps the Canals should be built or maybe the whole idea is wrong and the railways alone constitute the transportation of the future. On the other hand, it is possible that the work should be undertaken, but this may not be the appointed hour. That is the problem to which the Canadian people should give close attention. It is a question for sound thinking instead of close attention. A measure of economic study and not snap judgments and hasty conclusions is the need of the hour.

The Largest Cableway.

The largest cableway in the world is being constructed by an Aberdeen firm. It is to be used for the building of the Nag Hamadi dam over the Nile, and will have a span of 3,100 feet, involving the use of 22½ miles of steel wire rope, capable of carrying five tons at a hoisting speed of 1,250 feet per minute. The height of the masts supporting the cableway will be 182 feet. The largest organized aerial cableway at present is that at Bradford waterworks, which is 2,000 feet in length.

Napoleon's First Love.

The little French town of Auxenne is not associated in the popular mind with Napoleon; but, as Miss Bethame-Edwards reminds us in "Unfrequented France," he spent some years of his cadetship there. "In the Saone he twice narrowly escaped drowning, and here, too, as narrowly, so the story runs, marriage with a bourgeoise maiden called Maneca. Two ivory counters bearing this romantic name in Napoleon's handwriting enrich the little museum."

Professional Mourners.

In ancient times funerals were followed by professional mourners, who simulated the appearance of the wildest grief. The custom survives in the valley of Sondrio, in the Alps. There the women do not follow the funeral, but they group themselves at the entrance to the cemetery and burn, in honor of the dead, candles which vary in size according to the remuneration they are to receive. They are the professional mourners of ancient times in their simulation of excessive grief.—London Spectator.

If the brewers keep on brewing, There's bound to be the call:
More cells and prisons to care
for those who fall.

INDIAN SLAB HOUSES.

Community Centre Prototype Discovered In New Mexico.

Discovery of a slab house community centre that was built twenty centuries before Columbus arrived in the New World is announced by the Smithsonian Institution. Trace of the ancient and almost forgotten race of Indians that inhabited the Chaco Canyon in New Mexico have been found before but never a complete village like the present.

The best modern practice of community centres seems to have been followed out in the "slab house era." Frank H. H. Roberts, Junior, Bureau of American Ethnology, leader of the expedition, found 17 slab houses ranged about an immense kiva — or ceremonial community house — and 45 storage centres for corn.

This ancient race was distinct from the Pueblo dwellers that came after them by the length of their heads, though their architecture was only a simple step away from the true pueblo type. Whether the later round heads drove out the long heads, is a problem posed by Mr. Roberts.

At any rate the slab house village, with its pit dwellings sunk to a depth of two or three feet and lined with stone slabs, was built to last. It has endured so far about 3,500 years — a longer time than most frame bungalows of modern community centres will probably endure.

New Paper Town In Manitoba.

Construction work on Pine Falls, the Manitoba Pulp & Paper Co.'s new model town, is practically completed; the entire outlay representing an expenditure of nearly $10,000,000. The town is on a model plan, with a sewage system, water works and electric lights. There are nearly 800 employes of the company.

Has Cosmopolitan Population.

Among the cosmopolitan population of Chicago, which totals 2,701,705, are 500,000 Germans, 400,000 Polish, 300,000 with Irish and Italian, 250,000 negroes, and 200,000 Scandinavians.

BOOM IN CANADA.

U. S. Looks to This Country as Land of Future Development.

One billion, two hundred million dollars' worth of Canadian securities have been marketed in the United States by Dillon, Read & Co., in the last five years, says a New York wire to the Financial Post.

In every financial circle, the Post's representative was greeted with interest, and every person asserted, in one way or another, that Canada is about to boom and that Canadian securities will become increasingly valuable.

The trading in mining shares on the Standard Exchange, Toronto, on a scale of trading comparable only to the trading on the big board in New York, has impressed everyone in New York who pays the least attention to the mining industry.

The fact is that the whole United States is looking to Canada as the land of future development. One man quoted the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna's now-famous speech in Montreal, when he said that "Canada is the land of the future and that future begins to-day."

Several prominent New York investment houses intimate that the opening of branches in Canada will be a step in the immediate future. The New York branches of Canadian houses are extremely active.

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
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Five Fridays

Frank R. Adams

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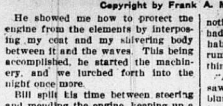
He showed me how to protect the engine from the elements by interposing my coat and my shivering body between it and the waves. This being accomplished, he started the machinery, and we lurched forth into the night once more.

Bill split his time between steering and mending the engine, keeping up a running fire of conversation, not with me, but with the motor. When she'd couch weakly Bill would bit her in some apparently tender spot with the flat of a monkey wrench and say:



It Was Brought to His Attention by a Large Wave.

"Come on, Merry; you shan't stop. I knock the carbon off your walves. Now you feel better."

Finally we reached the dock at Huntingdon's island.

After I had filled my lungs with a little undiluted air I picked up a heavy wrench to use as a weapon, and, directing Bill to arm himself likewise and follow as quietly as possible, I set out up the path leading from the dock, which doubtless ended at the Huntingdon domicile.

A turn of the path brought us in range with an illuminated window. I led the way off from the path and through the shrubbery to a position near the house, but a little to one side of the window.

Clearly it was up to me to look in and see what was in that room. I crept to the lower corner of the window and quietly raised my head so as to bring the interior of the room within range of one eye.

The lamp showed surroundings and furniture which proclaimed the room to be the kitchen.

I crept back to Bill.

"No one in sight," I reported. "There is some one in there I want to surprise, to play a joke on, so I am going to break in the door."

"He, ha!" laughed Bill. "She shall be very funny yoke."

We felt our way to the door, which was a solid one of plain wood with no glass panels.

"Could you knock that off from its hinges?" I whispered.

"I bet," Bill replied; "easy."

"All right, then. Get ready. One, two, three!"

Crash! Bill sprang at the door, and it fell inward.

I stepped across the threshold and leveled my monkey wrench like a revolver.

"Throw up your hands!" I commanded.

To my surprise, I found that I was addressing a whiskered individual clad in white swimming tights only, who was backed up against a door in a far corner of the room. He threw up one hand, keeping the other one behind him.

"Up with the other hand!" I shouted, advancing into the room to get a better view of its occupant, but keeping sufficiently in the shade of the lamp so that the real nature of my weapon would not be immediately evident.

"Throw up your other hand!"

"I can't," said my prisoner stubbornly.

"Can't?" I repeated in surprise. "Why can't you?"

"Because I've got my thumb over the keyhole and there is a woman on the other side trying to peek through."

I grabbed the lamp from the table and held it so the full light fell on his face.

"Lipton S. Clair!" I exclaimed.

"I admit that I did not expect to be recognized in this island wilderness," he began pompously, careful to gesticulate, however, only with his free hand, "but why should I not be here as well as anywhere else?"

"Because when I saw you last you were going to swim to the mainland."

"Who are you?" he demanded in turn, trying to see past the light which I held in front of me.

"Montmorency Blaney," I replied.

"Yes, yes; I understand." Then suddenly he shrank more closely into the doorway. "Is that woman—my fiancee—Miss Dunmore—with you?"

I reassured him and asked him how he came to be where I had found him.

"I found the swimming a trifle more strenuous than I had expected," he began. "I discovered that it was practically impossible for me either to reach the mainland or to get back to Green's island. The general trend of the waves was in this direction, and I was forced to go along, saving my strength for keeping my head above water.

"The rest of my story is absurdly simple. I saw land here and came ashore. It was not quite dark, and I came up the path to the house without noticing the light in the window. I had no thought of there being any inhabitants, and my intention was to rummage around until I found something to eat and some dry clothes.

"As soon as I opened the door I saw that I had committed a social blunder. There was a woman standing at the telephone, and when she saw me she screamed and ran through this door, slamming and locking it after her. It was useless to try to explain to a frightened female the innocuous nature of my visit, so I refrained. I was about to partake of some of the food I found on the table there when I heard the key being carefully withdrawn from the lock on the other side. Quick as a flash I asked myself the question, 'Why do people withdraw the keys from locked doors?' The answer struck me instantly. 'So that they may look through the keyholes, of course.' I recollected my costume. With one bound I jumped to the door and put my thumb over the keyhole, where it has been ever since."

"Surely you have heard the telephone bell ringing."

"Yes, it has been making an infernal racket ever since I arrived, but how could I leave my post to answer it?" He helplessly waved his free hand in the direction of the keyhole.

"Ouch! Stop!" he yelled, jerking his thumb away and dancing up and down frantically.

"What has happened?"

"She jabbed a pin into my thumb. I'm bleeding to death. Put your thumb over the keyhole a minute while I swear."

I was about to do that, foolish as it was, when there was the sound of a rifle shot somewhere outside, and almost simultaneously the lamp which I held fell apart in my hand and crashed to the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bill Johnson in the darkness. "I see the yoke now."

"What happened?" Clair asked.

"Some one shot out the light."

"What for?"

"I can't imagine."

Any further conversation was cut short by a scattering fusillade of shots, some of which came through the window, as we could tell by the tinkle of glass.

"This is a regular attack," Clair may have been an egotistical ass, but I must give him credit for not showing fear under fire. "What shall we do?"

CHAPTER XV.

A Disappointed Sheriff.

"As we have no weapon with which to fight back, I suppose we had better surrender," said Clair. Suddenly the fusillade ceased, and a moment later a voice at the door exclaimed: "Resistance is useless. Every corner of the room is covered. John, show a light."

A bullseye flashed.

"Do you surrender?"

"I do," I promised solemnly.

"Humph! Desperate characters!" declared the voice in the doorway.

Several men entered and lit two kerosene lamps which they found in a cupboard and a lantern which seemed to belong to their party.

In the illumination thus afforded I could make out at least a dozen men of the type which is indigenous to the bench in front of the small town grocery store. Just now, however, they were doing an imitation of the vigilance committee in the third act of "The Virginian." One carried a coil of half inch rope, and all were armed with weapons which ranged from shotguns to horse pistols. One, a little better dressed than the rest, carried a camera, which he proceeded to set up in one corner of the room.

"Ye're arrested," announced the original speaker, a rather heavy set man with gray mustaches of the trailing arbuntus type. "I'm the sheriff."

He displayed a brilliant new star pinned to a suspender bordering a shirt front which was slightly discolored by tobacco.

"Arrested!" Clair demanded. "What for?"

"Fer willful murder." The sheriff shivered slightly as he spoke. "Ain't that so, boys?"

A growl answered him.

"Lynch 'em!" yelled the man who carried the rope.

"Lynch 'em!" yelled the man who carried the rope, apparently fearful lest he had brought his burden in vain.

"Aye, that's it. String 'im up!" These and other enthusiastic cries reassured him.

"Now, wait a minute, boys." The sheriff turned a cold eye on his enthusiastic retinue and spat with a fair degree of accuracy at the kitchen stove. "While as a private individool I have to admit, boys, that I would enjoy a lynchin' as much as any of you, still I have to remember that I have a duty to perform, a sacred trust—namely, to wit, to uphold the majesty of the law in Maskeloon county."

"But we've never had a lynching in this county," protested the bloodthirsty man with the rope, "and they've had two over Lake county way."

Local pride nearly swayed the sheriff against us, but at last he held up his hand.

"I can't allow it, boys," he said regretfully. "All we can do, accordin' to the law, is to take 'em to jail."

"Before I move out of this place," Lipton S. Clair protested, "I've got to have some clothes."

"All right, son," soothed the sheriff; "there ain't any call to get hectic about it. Sl," turning to one of the others, "see if there isn't some old clothes in that closet in the hired help's room."

Si departed and soon returned with a garment known in history as a Mother Hubbard, so called because of its resemblance to a squash.

"This is all I could find," Si reported. "The Huntingdons' help was a female woman."

"That'll do," the sheriff said briefly, tossing it to Clair. "Put this on without any arguments and we'll be on our way."

Clair thought of protesting, but was overcome by the idea of the woman in the next room and hastily donned the garment, which was cut on lines designed to cover any sort of figure which nature might bestow. The effect of the dress plus the whiskers was startling, to say the least.

"Before we go," the sheriff decided, "we had best have a look at the remains." To me he said: "Where is the deceased? Where is Mrs. Green?"

"Mrs. Green hasn't been murdered." I started to set him straight.

"I didn't ask you nothin' but the death," the sheriff thundered. "Of course I don't expect you to admit you killed her. All I asked was where she is, and, by George, I'll have an answer. Where is she?"

I pointed silently at the locked door.

"Boys," said the sheriff, with emotion, "a poor, defenseless woman lies beyond that door foully done to death by these here ruffians. Smith, Wadsworth, Clancy, Snider, you will act as ambulance department."

Four of his comedians went toward the door.

"Wait," the leader commanded. "Before you enter that room take off them hats."

The four nondescript hats came off silently. Then they discovered that the door was locked. However, that proved only a slight obstacle, for the lock was easily forced. It struck me as funny that Mrs. Green had not walked out on the scene before this. A premonition of coming disaster gripped my heart.

The four men re-entered, carrying reverently a limp figure, which was unmistakably Mrs. Green. Had she been struck by a stray bullet from the attacking party? If she had, things certainly were looking black for Clair and myself. We had no way of proving that we were innocent, and all circumstantial evidence would be against us. A murmur of anger ran around the room, and the man with the rope fingered it nervously.

"Steady, boys!" the sheriff ordered.

"One moment." The young man with the camera held up his hand. "Don't move."

There was a blinding flash, and my overwrought nerves jumped seven feet and rebounded before my brain assured them that it was only a flashlight.

The effect on the four members of the ambulance squad was even more startling. Apparently not expecting the explosion, they dropped their burden and stood with mouths open. Accidentally they dropped the body in a sitting posture.

There was a slight scream. Mrs. Green opened her eyes and demanded, "Where am I?"

If the officers of the law had been startled before, their condition now was absolute consternation.

"Madame," the sheriff inquired, "aren't you dead?"

"I should say not!"

"Then you are not Mrs. Green."

"I certainly am."

"But Mrs. Green is dead. Her daughter told us so."

"Dead! Fiddlesticks! It's a wonder I'm not, though, after coming over here in an open boat and being attacked by a half naked savage with whiskers, and, let's see—some one was shot. That's when I fainted. I guess, because I don't remember anything more until just now."

"All I have to say," stated the man with the rope, jamming his hat on disrespectfully, "is that this is a bum night to get a man to play a joke on him."

"Madame," the sheriff said, with gloomy politeness, "you have spoiled the only murder case we ever had in Maskeloon county; that's what you have done. Come on, boys."

In majestic silence the members of the sheriff's posse filed from the room. The young man with the camera was left behind, hastily picking up his traps in order to join the others before their boat left the island.

I approached him.

"Now that there is no murder mystery," I began, "I presume that the picture you took will be useless."

"Not at all," he answered, too busy folding up his tripod to notice that I had opened the abutter of his camera. "We'll find use for it some way."

I lit a match and held it about an inch from the lens of the camera, pretending to examine the name of the maker on it.

"What are you doing?" he demanded sharply.

"Just looking at your lens," I answered, blowing out the match. "It's a Dalmeyer, I see."

"Yes. I was afraid something might happen to that negative. I left the film in the camera."

"Did you?" I asked innocently and closed the shutter, once more unobserved. "May we have one of the pictures if they turn out well?"

He smiled.

"If this picture turns out well," he said, "nearly everybody in the United States will have a copy of it. I'm a photographer for the Hanman Syndicate of Newspapers."

"That's what I thought," I answered, returning his smile.

After he was gone I added, "That's why I let that negative get light struck."

My assorted companions were sitting on opposite sides of the table.

"Pardon me," I murmured. "I believe that you have not met. Mrs. Green, this is Lipton S. Clair."

"Is he the one who wrote the article about fasting?" Mrs. Green asked me, again ignoring her vis-a-vis.

"He is," I replied.

Mrs. Green said nothing further.

"I presume," Clair stated sourly, "Mrs. Green has forgotten that she struck a hatpin through my thumb less than half an hour ago."

"It was not a hatpin. It was a safety pin bent out straight. I was afraid it would not reach. Was that your thumb you held over the keyhole?"

"It was, but I suppose you are sorry it was not my eye."

I could see that the more we talked the worse the situation would get, so I interrupted them. "We might as well go back," I suggested wearily, surveying my companions. "I am going to the mainland, Mrs. Green, and I can leave you at home as I go by."

"You're not going away, Mr. Blaney?" Mrs. Green asked, with motherly kindness.

"Yes," I answered.

"What's the matter?" she queried gently. "Lucile? You mustn't let her coldness hurt you. She has fads in beaus as well as fads in foods and exercises."

I assured her with what dignity I had left that I would prefer to consider my visit at an end.

When we descended to the shore to embark on the Merry Widow, Mrs. Green took one look at the lake and gently declined to travel by boat until it was calm.

"I don't know how I came over here, I couldn't have been in my right senses even to start, but I certainly am perfectly sane now, and as long as I remain so I intend to stay on dry land while a storm is in progress."

"But your daughter will worry," I protested. "Lucile has been very nearly distracted for twenty-four hours."

"She might better be distracted today than an orphan on her mother's side tomorrow. Anyway, I'll telephone her that I'm all right."

"But we can't leave you here," I re-

sewed my argument, "and I have to go back."

"Perhaps the gentleman here"— Mrs Green began.

"No," Clair declined, looking at his thumb. "I have to be in Fair View before morning to prevent my friend's marriage."

"You can't go into Fair View wearing a Mother Hubbard," I reminded him.

"Well, I can stop and get my own clothes."

"On Green's island? And meet Miss Dunmore again?"

"I'd forgotten about her. What can I do?"

"Stay right here and I'll send the boat back with a suit of clothes in an hour."

"Is the lady, Mrs. Green, a wife or a widow?"

"She has a husband living."

"All right then. My own clothes that I came ashore in this morning are on a line on the back porch. Send them back soon. I don't know what I should do if Mrs. Green should fall in love with"—

I purveyed [illegible] om the hem of his shirt to the [illegible] n beneath. "As long as you have those clothes on," I gravely assured him, "you're as safe as a dollar at the bottom of the sea."

Before I left Mrs. Green telephoned to Lucile and told her that she was safe. I took the liberty of ransacking the pantries and storeroom of the Huntingdon house for supplies and carried away enough tinned stuff to assure the garrison at Green's island at least one square meal.

Bill and myself embarked alone. Carry with me per memory the picture of Mrs. Green and Lipton S. Clair as I left them, two strangely clad figures, one in a red ball gown, the other in a calico wrapper and whiskers, bobnobbing over a pot of tea.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Fire and a Rescue.

THE journey back to Green's island was uneventful. The sea had calmed down enough so that we shipped very little water. When we landed I was thankful to note that there were no lights in the house. Apparently every one had gone to bed for a much needed rest. I sent Bill up to get Clair's clothing, while I unloaded the supplies and hid them under the dock. I expected to telephone Jim in the morning and tell him where they were so that he could cook breakfast for the castaways. When Bill returned I helped him put out to sea again. This required considerable persuasion and $3 in money. I also had to promise to make it all right with the newspaper man whom he had brought over.

Now, the next adventure in this Arabian nightmare occurred. At first I thought it was the reflection of the rising sun in the windows of the cottage which caused the red light, but when I looked to the east I saw that the sun was not up.

Then the house must be on fire. Clearly I was going to lose. Probably every one was sleeping. I ran up the path from the beach to the house, my temples bursting with the exertion. By the time I got to the front door the flames were beginning to lick out of one of the upstairs windows.

I threw myself against the front door and broke the lock without ceremony. The stairway was still clear.

I dashed up, yelling, "Fire!"

The people began to come out in various stages of undress, carrying clothing and valuables. Vida's stage experience stood her in good stead. She emerged from her room completely dressed and went downstairs as if she were answering a rehearsal call.

All were accounted for but Lucile. I pounded on her door again and again.

"Hurry!" I commanded at frequent intervals.

"I'm hurrying," she always answered.

At last the smoke began to be unbearable in the hallway, and the crackling of the flames warned me that in an instant the stairs would be impassable. I stood on ceremony no longer. I threw open Lucile's door. She was looking aimlessly about her with a stocking in one hand.

"I can't find my other stocking," she announced calmly.

"Don't be excited!" I shouted. "The house is on fire, and we've got to get out!"

"I'm not excited. But how can I escape with only one stocking?"

There was no time for argument. I grabbed a blanket that was flung over the foot of her bed, wrapped her in it and swept her off her feet and into my arms.

The rescue was very simple. There was a little smoke on the stairway, and in a minute it would have been hard to get down, but as it was I only had to hold my breath for a few seconds and we were safe on the first floor, which had not caught yet.

However, I carried Lucile clear out in the front yard and deposited her in a little group of scantily clad survivors.

"Where's the fire department?" asked Vida.

"There isn't any fire department," Kent volunteered gently.

"Can't anything be done?"

"Not much now." I shrugged my shoulders. "When a fire gets that much headway in a country house built of wood there is nothing much to do but save the nearby buildings."

"How could it have caught?" asked Bopp, trying to put his left shoe on his right foot. He had carried them both out in his hands.

"No one was up," said Jim, the fireman.

"How did you come to be around, Monty?" Bopp straightened up with a quick glance at me. "Mrs. Green telephoned that you were going to the mainland."

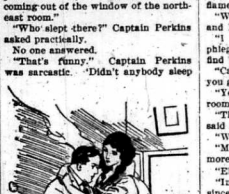
It hardly seemed possible, but I knew that for a moment they all suspected me of having set fire to Lucile's house in revenge for our quarrel of the evening before.

"I came back to the island for something, and I noticed the fire," I explained weakly. "The flames were coming out of the window of the northeast room."

"Who slept there?" Captain Perkins asked practically.

No one answered.

"That's funny," Captain Perkins was sarcastic. "Didn't anybody sleep



I Swept Her Off Her Feet and Into My Arms.

in the northeast room, or don't you know where you slept?"

"You slept there yourself," Jim explained, rather hesitant about calling his superior officer's attention to such a damning fact.

"Oh!" The captain collapsed. "I guess I did."

"Where did you empty the ashes of your pipe before you went to get that drink of water?" I interrogated.

"Why, lemme see. I must have dumped 'em in the wastebasket. But the fire was all out."

Any further discussion was cut short by the violent ringing of the telephone bell inside the burning building.

"Who can be calling up at this time of night?" wondered Vida, voicing the general curiosity.

"We probably will never know." Bopp gazed dreamily into the fire. "Maybe some one saw the blaze from the mainland and is calling up about it."

"No," said Lucile, with conviction; "it's my mother. She has seen the fire from Huntingdon's and wants to know if I am safe. We must answer it and tell her that everything is all right."

"No one could go in there," I protested. "The fire is raging in the living room, and the walls may fall any moment."

"But mother will worry."

"What if she does?" A man under stress of excitement is sometimes unintentionally brutal.

"If you men are not brave enough," Lucile declared, with eyes flashing, "if you're so afraid of getting singed, I'm going in to answer that telephone myself and tell my mother that I am safe."

"You wouldn't be safe if you were talking over that telephone." I was exasperated, but it was impossible to allow a girl in a flimsy negligee to go into that furnace. "Since you put it that way, I'll go."

I groped my way to the instrument, jammed the receiver to my ear and shouted, "Hello!"

"Sorry to waken you, old chap," said a male voice apologetically, "but I simply must speak to Miss Dunmore."

"You go to Halifax!" I requested loudly, and, dropping the receiver, made a wild dash for the door, from which I emerged with my clothing on fire in only one or two spots.

"Thank you!" Lucile was very sweet in bestowing her gratitude. "Was she very much worried?"

"It wasn't your mother," I said shortly. "It was Mr. Blaney."

"Ned?" asked Vida; then, without waiting for an answer, "I must speak to him."

I gently restrained her.

"Blaney?" queried Lucile blankly; then, turning to me: "Your brother?"

"No relation," I returned.

"He's my fiance," Vida explained. "Just the darlingest old Blaney that ever lived. He's waiting for me at Fair View. We were to have been married today, or yesterday, rather."

"Oh!" Lucile retired to her inner consciousness to think.

I told Vida that Blaney knew she was safe, as he had called up several times during the day.

"Where was I?"

"You were always out somewhere with Mr. Clair," I explained.

"You didn't tell Ned that, did you?"

"Why, yes, I guess I did. Why?"

"He's so jealous," sighed Vida. "It makes him furious when I talk to other men. Of course after we're married I'll train him differently, but now I have to be careful."

Our attention was distracted from the burning building by the arrival of Bill Johnson, who walked unannounced into the circle of light. The noise of the Merry Widow arriving had apparently been lost in the crackling of the flames.

"Well," I inquired, "were Mrs. Green and Mr. Clair all right?"

"I shall not know it," Bill replied telegrammatically. "I can't, by Yimmiky, find 'em."

"Can't find them? Nonsense! Did you go up to the house?"

"Yes, sare. And I look in all the rooms. No, I shall be in each."

"They can't have left. Mrs. Green said she wouldn't."

"What's up now" Bopp inquired.

"Mrs. Green has disappeared once more."

"Eloped with Lipton S. Clair?"

"Impossible! You haven't seen him since he left here."

"What else could have happened?"

I can't imagine. It's a small island, and there would be no sense in supposing that she was hiding anywhere outside of the house. Besides, they both knew that the boat was coming back soon to get them."

"Mrs. Green is so elusive," Bopp criticised, "that I should think that when once you located her you would have kept your eye on her."

"If I had," I reminded him, "you would probably lit be burnt to cinders now. There must be some plausible reason for Mrs. Green's disappearance. Suppose we don't tell her daughter right away until we try to find out what has happened. It would only cause her additional worry."

That was agreed upon.

"At any rate," Bopp said, "we can all go over to the mainland in the Merry Widow and get breakfast."

"No," declared Bill, shaking his head. "Merry Widow she ain't run. She broke her valve spring. Maybe it take all day to fix she up."

"Then for heaven's sake get at it!" Bopp growled crossly.

"I fix him up," Bill added, "but I'm afraid, Bill cheerfully promised as he departed.

Lucile and Vida rejoined us presently.

(Continued on page 5)

TWINS HELPLESS IF PARTED.

Biologist Says They at Least Lose Efficiency.

The mystery of twins and their mental traits are discussed in a report of Prof. H. H. Newman, biologist of the University of Chicago. He has experimented with one hundred sets of twins. All twins he divides into "identical," which must be of the same sex and look alike, and "fraternal," which may be of either sex. The former are the more closely alike, he explains, adding:

"Where we have the mental tests to identical twins, while they were separated from each other, we found that in most cases their test score as well as when they take the test together, although they give each other no material aid whatever. It would almost suggest that so great is their similarity and sympathy that one is not quite complete without the other."

An astonishing discovery for finger-print experts is the statement that "the fingerprints of identical twins are alike. By taking fingerprints we could always identify identical twins."

"Some of the twins we studied make a positive effort to differ from each other. This is true even of identical twins, who not only vary their dress but, in the case of girls, the style of coiffure and other variable features in an effort to avoid the conventional conception of twins looking alike. And often they do remarkably well.

"On the other hand, twins of the merely fraternal type who, except for some similar age, have no more reason to look alike than any brothers or sisters, often make an effort to look alike by similarity of dress, etc.

"We studied about ninety pairs of twins largely with relation to mental traits, and obtained data from a total of at least 100 before we began the task of intensively studying the data. Our final conclusions may await the completion of the study."

Prof. Newman's hope of finding identical twins who have been reared apart has not been realized, he said. Such a case, he indicated, might be of considerable value in determining the relative importance of environment and heredity.

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SO
-IN-LAW
YES, PA DEAR, I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE A LARGER ROOM SO I'VE GIVEN YOU CEDRIC'S AND PUT HIM IN YOURS! HIS BED IS MUCH SOFTER AND THERE'S A READING LIGHT AND EVERYTHING. YOU PROVIDE IT ALL SO IT'S YOU WHO SHOULD HAVE THE BEST!
MY DUCKY HUSBAND IS GOING TO HAVE EVERYTHING HIS LITTLE HEART DESIRES THAT HIS WIFE CAN GIVE HIM!
MM-M! I DON'T GET THIS AT ALL! SHE CAN'T BE COMMENCIN' HER CHRIS'MUS CAMPAIGN O' KINDNESS THIS EARLY!
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E SECRETS OUT
B
OH-PA DEAR BEFORE I FORGET— HERE'S YOUR CUFF-LINKS AND STUDS— I'VE CLEANED THEM FOR YOU! OH HOW I DO MISS MY JEWELS THAT I PAWNED TO GET MY FACE LIFTED!
AH-H! SO THAT'S IT! SHE'S TRYIN' T' PUT TH' WORMED ON ME T' GET HER JEWELS BACK O' HOCK! WELL— LET HER WORK!

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Wishing all our friends

A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

D. B. WILSON,
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We carry a complete line of Radio Accessories and Eveready Layerbuilt Batteries.

Beach and National Electric Ranges have exclusive features which can't be beaten.

Premier Duplex Vacuum Cleaner to rent—also Cadillac Floor Polisher.

One 3-burner Coal Oil Stove for sale cheap—a good buy.

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MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

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Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

BY-LAW NO. —

By-Law for Borrowing $12,000 Upon Debentures to Pay for the Cost of Repairing and Enlarging the Town Hall.

Whereas it is deemed necessary and desirable in the public interest to repair and enlarge the Town Hall in the Town of Napanee, and

Whereas in order thereto, it is necessary to borrow the sum of $12,000.00 on the credit of the Corporation and to issue debentures therefor bearing interest at the rate of 5% per annum, which is the amount of the debt to be created by this by-law, and

Whereas it is expedient to make the principal of said debt repayable in yearly sums during the period of twenty years of such amounts respectively that the aggregate amount payable for principal and interest in any year, shall be equal as nearly as may be to the amount so payable for principal and interest in any of the other years, and

Whereas it will be necessary to raise annually the sum of $962.90 during the period of twenty years to pay the said sums of principal and interest as they become due, and

Whereas the whole rateable property of the Town of Napanee, according to the last revised assessment roll, is the sum of $1,-966,474.00, and the existing debenture debt exclusive of local improvement debts secured by special acts, rolls or assessments is the sum of $109,781.00, and in cause the same to be paid in the hands of the Treasurer for the purposes of this by-law.

1. It shall be lawful for the Mayor of the Town of Napanee to raise by way of loan from any person or persons, body or bodies corporate who may be willing to loan the same upon the credit of the Corporation on the issue of debentures hereinafter mentioned the sum of $12,000.00, and to cause the same to be paid in the hands of the Treasurer for the purposes of this by-law.

2. It shall be lawful for the said Mayor to cause any number of debentures to be made for such sums of money as may be required, not less than $100.00 each, and not exceeding in the whole the sum of $12,000.00, and for said debentures shall be sealed with the seal of the Corporation and signed by the Mayor, and countersigned by the Treasurer, and shall be used to raise the sum of $12,000.00 by way of loan for the purposes aforesaid.

3. The said debt shall be payable by annual instalments within twenty years, and shall be issued in such form as from the passing of this by-law.

4. The said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of 5% per annum, which interest shall be paid half yearly at the office of the said Treasurer in the said Town of Napanee, and the said debentures shall have interest coupons attached to them, which coupons shall be signed by the Treasurer, whose signature may be printed or lithographed thereon. Such instalments of principal shall be of such amounts as with the interest in respect to the debt payable as aforesaid the aggregate amount payable for principal and interest in each year shall be as nearly as possible the same and provided that the instalments of principal for the an'even $100.00, $500.00, $1000 or multiples thereof, and the annual instalments of principal and interest may differ in amount sufficient to admit thereof.

5. That during the currency of said debentures there shall be raised annually by special rate on all the rateable property of the Town of Napanee the sum of $962.90 for the purpose of paying the amount due in each of the said years for principal and interest in respect of the said debt.

6. The said debentures shall be sold and the proceeds thereof shall be applied in paying and discharging the cost for the repairing and enlarging the Town Hall as aforesaid, and for no other way, and for no other purposes whatever.

7. This by-law shall come into force and take effect after it has been submitted to the electors entitled to vote thereon, and has received the consent of the electors so voting and after a final passing thereof.

Mayor.
Clerk.

First Reading—December 8th, 1927.

Second Reading—December 8th, 1927.

Third Reading—

The foregoing is a true copy of a proposed by-law, and if the assent of the electors is obtained to it, it will be taken into consideration by the Council after the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication, which said date of the first publication is the 9th day of December 1927, and any tenant who is entitled to vote and who desires to vote, must deliver to the Clerk not later than the tenth day before the day appointed for taking vote, the declaration prescribed for by sub-section 3 of section 265 of the Consolidated Municipal Act, 1922, and

Take further notice that the vote upon said by-law shall be taken on the 2nd day of January, 1928, at the annual Municipal Election, and the Mayor shall attend at the Council Chamber, on Saturday, the 31st day of December, 1927, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose of appointing persons to attend at the polling places and at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk.

Dated December 8th, A.D., 1927

W. A. GRANGE,
Clerk.

4

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

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Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.
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GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Our Time Divisions."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Finishing."
New Year's messages and music.
Week of Prayer services, beginning Tuesday evening, January 3rd, at 7.30 p.m. See notice elsewhere. United churches and Salvation Army.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Fire in Drug Store.

About one-thirty Saturday afternoon fire broke out in the cellar of the store occupied by Mr. Hewson as a grocery store in the Oddfellows' Temple block on Dundas street. An alarm was rung in and the firemen soon had the fire extinguished. Very little damage to the building resulted, and the damage to the stock was caused by smoke.

Telford—Craven.

A quiet wedding took place at Plainfield Parsonage, on Wednesday evening, when Miss Viola Craven, daughter of Mr. Robert Craven, of Bath, became the bride of Mr. Alex. M. Telford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Telford, of Holland Centre. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Black. Later Mr. and Mrs. Telford left on a wedding trip to Owen Sound and on their return will reside at Robbindale. The bride was formerly in the teacher of the Robbindale school and the groom is section foreman at Robbindale.

Wartman—Wartman.

On Saturday afternoon a quiet wedding was solemnized at Danforth Avenue United Church, Toronto, by Rev. J. J. Coulter, when Emma Wartman became the bride of Andrew A. Wemp, of Rochester, N.Y. The bride was attired in grey frock of kitten's-ear crepe, with overdress of Forsythe and deep fringe. She wore a French hat of purple embroidered velour, and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. The bride was given in marriage by her father-in-law, Clarence E. Wartman, and the groom was attended by the bride's younger son, C. Leonard Wartman, and Mrs. C. C. Wartman attended the bride. The wedding music was rendered by Mrs. C. Leonard Wartman.

Annual Week of Prayer.—

Following the precedent of last year, the three United Churches and the Salvation Army of our town will unite in a week of prayer services beginning Tuesday evening, January 3rd. The following will be the order of the services, and the topics discussed and the speakers:

January 3rd—St. Andrew's Church—"The Christian Doctrine of Firgiveness," by Rev. H. Pawson.

January 4th—Grace church—"Regeneration," by Ensign Howe.

January 5th—Trinity church—"Sanctification," by Rev. W. P. Woodger.

January 6th—Salvation Army Citadel—"Christ the Saviour," by Rev. A. J. Wilson.

The services will begin each night at 7.30 p.m.

Obituary.

There passed away at Newbury, Mich., on Tuesday, December 13th, at the age of 72 years, the loved wife of N B. Sprague. She was stricken with a stroke in July and had been confined to bed since. She spent the early part of her life around Tamworth where she made many friends, who will be sorry to hear of her death. She was the widow of the late Fred Kirkpatrick, who predeceased her about thirty-eight years ago. After his death she removed to the States to live with relatives, where she married N. B. Sprague, and spent the rest of her life. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, three sisters and one brother. She was laid to rest in Rudyard Cemetery.

MacKenzie—Holmes.

A very pretty Yuletide wedding took place on Thursday afternoon Dec. 22nd, in St. Mary Magdalene Chapel, when Minnie Fay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Holmes, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Gordon C. MacKenzie, of Cardinal. Rev. R. J. Dumbrille officiated. The bride, who was unattended, was given in marriage by her father, and looked charming in a flesh pink georgette dress, trimmed with sequins and pearls, with hat and shoes to match. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where a dainty wedding luncheon was served. Later the happy couple left for Ottawa, the bride travelling in a grey crepella dress, a black Hudson seal coat the gift of her parents, with black satin hat. They returned on Saturday to spend Christmas with the bride's parents. The bride is one of Napanee's popular young ladies, and the many beautiful gifts she received showed the esteem in which she was held. The groom is associated with the Canada Starch Co. at Cardinal, where the young couple will reside.

SWIMS AND RUNS, NERVOUS MAN GAINS 9 LBS.

"I swim and run much better now than I ever could, due to Vinol. Nervousness is gone, and I gained 9 pounds."—Alfred Maio.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church: Public worship 10.45 a.m.
Hay Bay Church: Public worship 2.30 p.m.
Bethany Church: Quarterly Official Board Friday at 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church: Public worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
Christmas Day services—
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m.—Matins and Holy Communion.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

NOVELTY DANCE.

"Fantastic Club" is holding a novelty dance in Odessa Town Hall, on December 30th. Kingston 5-piece orchestra. Prizes given to best dancers. Admission $1.15 per couple. Come and enjoy the evening. 4-bp

Farnsworth—Christopher.

A very quiet wedding took place at Canniffon United Church parsonage at high noon on Saturday, when Miss Grace Christopher, of Boston, became the bride of Mr. Clifford Farnsworth, Cleveland. The ceremony was performed by the groom's father, Rev. Farnsworth. Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth left on a wedding trip to Boston and on their return will reside in Cleveland.

Opportunity.

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prices:

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.
Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

King of the Hoboes.

Joseph Leon Lazarowitz arrived in Napanee on Tuesday evening. This young hobo, who is of Rumanian Jewish descent, started from Brooklyn, N.Y., when he was 14 years of age. He has been travelling for eight years. His object is to visit every country in the world, except Russia. He has travelled 308,200 miles, mostly on foot or sometimes on freight trains, the usual mode of travel by the general run of hoboes. There are two words in the dictionary which he does not believe in, and has no use for, namely, "work" and "worry". Every town and city which he visits he makes a call on the Post Office, and has the post stamp put in a book. He also calls on the Chief of Police and printing offices, where he receives some sort of an acknowledgement that he has visited in the city or town, which ever the case may be. When he completes his tour he intends writing a book entitled "Life and Adventures of the World's Champion Jewish Hobo." He is a young man of good appearance and of fair intelligence, not in the same class as the average hobo, being an interesting travelling companion, and well versed in the topics of the day. He is travelling eastward and when he leaves Canada will make his way to England. He is an American citizen and his title as the official King of the Hoboes is recognized by the U. S. Government. He appreciated very much the hospitality which was shown him by Mr. Fitzpatrick at the Bayside House, where he spent last night and received his breakfast.

Solomon's Temple.

The temple of Jerusalem was built by King Solomon B. C. 1000 and was destroyed by King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon B. C. 586. It was rebuilt by Zerubbabel B. C. 534 and partially destroyed by the Roman general Pompey in B. C. 63. It was rebuilt by King Herod B. C. 21 and was finally demolished by the Romans under Titus A. D. 70.

Not a Necessary Evil.

"As a matter of fact," remarked the chap who seemed to be communing with himself, "the world could get along just as well without him."

"Without whom?" queried the party with the butt in habit.

"The man who never makes a mistake," replied the noisy thinker.—Indianapolis Star.

On the Road.

"When I was young I worked fourteen hours a day," said the worried father.

"Well, what of it?" replied the young gentleman who squanders both time and money.

"Nothing much, only when you got to be my age that is probably what you will have to do."—London Mail.

Didn't Like the Lackeys.

The late John Heneage Jesse, the well known author, had an aversion, amounting to a positive 'phobia, for the famous British Jeames. He was known to stand in St. James' street on a drawing room day, at the edge of the curb, and with the end of his stick, which he dipped into the road puddle, daub the immaculate stockings of the passing flunkies, who, as he well knew, dare not move from their stations, accompanying the act with much opprobrious language.

Electrically-Operated Razor.

An electrically-operated razor with a blade which oscillates sideways while the user draws the razor down his face has been invented.

Ontario Tobacco.

Ontario produced 35,000,000 lbs. of tobacco in 1927.

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11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

SIAM'S NATIVE SPORT.

"Kite-Fighting" Is National Pastime in this Country.

The great national pastime of Siam is kite-flying, and it is surprising, says an article in Tit-Bits, what a real thrill is gotten out of it — in fact a more correct name would be "Kite-fighting."

How many people know what a wow is? Wow is the Siamese word for kite, and in that picturesque country kites have an importance all their own. Kite-flying is a national pastime.

It is not, however, the mere sending aloft of kites, such as we see at home, but would be better described as kite-fighting. The game is carried out under all the same rules of rules, and the manipulation of the battling kites calls for an amazing amount of strength, skill, and agility.

The "male" kite—a big star-shaped affair—is sent up until about a quarter of a mile of string is out. The pak pao, or "female" kite, a much smaller specimen, is then despatched in an attempt to bring her rival down. In order to count as a win, this feat must be accomplished within a certain well-defined area.

For the purpose of attacking the "male" the pakpao kite is equipped with a loop of line, which those in charge try to pass over the points of the kula, or "male," afterwards dragging it down. The regulation "male" kite stands seven feet high, and is constructed of well-seasoned bamboo and a special kind of tissue-like paper. The "female" is much lighter in construction and carries, in addition, a long silken tail.

The string of the "male" kite has little leaden weights set at intervals for some distance along its length, alternating with knife-like pieces of bamboo. These are intended to cut the string of the "lady" kite when "she" swoops down to attack, and not infrequently does so, in which latter case the "male" is declared the winner.

There is always quite a lot of betting on the battles, the odds generally being two to one on the "male," the star-shaped kula, although they do not always get the best of it.

Kites of the "fighting" type were formerly used by the Siamese in their wars, being sent up over the enemy carrying explosives or inflammable matter, with fuses attached. In the wars with Burma and Cambodia several towns are reported to have been set on fire by this means.

The most wonderful thing about the contests is the way in which the big kites are manipulated by the experts in charge, who seem able to make them travel up or down almost any direction save into the wind's eye, writes W. W. Fegen in the Wide World. To see a big "star" kite swooping, soaring, diving, and generating as it seeks to dodge the deadly attacks of two or three "lady" kites makes one wonder how the attendants manage, so quickly and so much masterly evolutions with a single string.

It is not only in "fighting" kites that the Siamese excel. Dragons, snakes, skeletons, mermaids — all kinds of queer objects fill the sky, and I have even seen a party of five ballet dancers linked together with invisible wires and really appearing to dance in the air.

WAS ILL-TREATING PEASANTS.

King Louis XII. of France Taught Nobleman a Lesson.

King Louis XII. of France, who was beloved by his people for his goodness of heart, heard that a certain nobleman had been cruelly ill-treating the peasants on his estate, so he king went to visit him.

Delighted by such a mark of favor the nobleman hastened away and found the king in such a genial mood that he remained with his guest so long that the hour of dinner struck while they were still talking. His majesty insisted on his guest staying, and gave orders for a meal to be served with everything that was good. He did not, however, sit down to table with the nobleman. Servants came in with rich dishes and costly wine, but no one brought him any bread. The guest, though surprised, dared not ask for such a trifling thing, but in spite of some prevented his enjoying the banquet as he might have done. At last the doors were thrown open and the king entered.

"My lord," he said, "have my servants provided you with all that you want?"

"Sire," answered the nobleman, bowing low, "they have served a banquet worthy of your majesty, and yet, to tell the truth, one thing was lacking; there was no bread, and bread, your majesty will agree, is a necessity of life."

"Go," said the king, severely, "and remember this lesson I desire to teach you. As you feel the want of bread among these rich viands remember that the peasant has also his place among the great and is not to be despised."

Gas from Oil Wells.

Vapor that rises from oil wells and which has hitherto gone to waste is now being bottled and sold as fuel. This vapor is obtained from wells that are in production or from wells that have been pumped out, and burns with an odorless gas flame after it has gone through various processes.

It is first refined an compressed until it becomes a low-pressure liquid that reassumes its gaseous form on being released from the steel bottles in which it is stored. These bottles are attached to heating appliances by pipes and tubes. When the valve of the jet is turned on the pressure of the gas forces it through an air mixed similar to that of any gas range.

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MAN MAKES BEAST SAVAGE

Animals Are Just as Ferocious and Savage as Man Makes Them —Harmless by Day.

Wild animals are just as ferocious and savage as man makes them, says A. E. Hodge, "the naturalist, in an article in the London Daily Chronicle.

Even among pradoceous creatures there are few that attack man without provocation, and those that are aggressive are merely acting upon instincts which ages of persecution by human beings have taught them.

Now, I have as strong an objection as anyone to witnessing unnatural performances by animals, but I do like to see how wild animals reciprocate for the confidence placed in them by restraining their natural instincts, for it proves conclusively that if such scenes were continued through many generations wild animals would regard us as friends and not foes.

Bonar H. Hopgood of the London "Zoo," knows probably as much, or more, about captive lions and tigers than any other person living, as for nearly thirty years he has been not only their warder, but their companion. To see him in the early morning grooming these burly beasts with hose-broom and dandy brush respectively would convince you that the wildest of animals can be made to reconcile a friend by kindly treatment.

Only once was a liberty taken with him, and that was when Fatima, a huge lioness, sprang upon him while he was feeding her cub Abdullah a brush-up. Keeper Hopgood was knocked against the rails by the force of the impact, but "that was only a joke," as he said to me.

It is seldom that there is not some wolf or dingo which has not been tamed so well by the keepers at the Zoo that it may safely be trusted to be caressed by a child. Yet the dingo is the terror of Australian settlers, and the wolf the age-long enemy of man — or, perhaps, it would be fairer to reverse the relations.

Many a time whilst the keeper has been explaining the wonderful restraint shown by a favorite wolf he has allowed the animal to gnaw his hands, then to lick it quiet—and he never had cause to wince.

But it is not only captive animals which respond to human friendship. Even the roaring lion, unless provoked, will seldom attack man, except perhaps after nightfall—when all good people should be in bed!

According to the experience of that famous big-game hunter, the late F. C. Selous, "There is little or no danger in meeting a lion or lioness in day-time. Even in parts of the country where firearms are unknown and where the natives seldom or never interfere with them, these animals seem to have an instinctive fear of man, and even when encountered at the carcass of an animal freshly killed by the lion, and where they may be supposed to be hungry, they will almost invariably retreat before the unwelcome presence."

There is really no Park reservation, bears, as a result of their protection, come down to the roadways and tamely partake of tit-bits from travellers.

Londoners have instances at their doors, for that lamentable immigrant the American grey squirrel will, being domiciled at Regent's Park, London, rob the public thoroughfare and purloin nuts from the baskets of hawkers. But for the lessons taught by the gamekeeper, his charming little cousin, the British red squirrel, would join our picnics in the countryside.

There is really nothing strange about the attitude on the part of wild animals, for the same principle applies to ourselves. Starve or persecute a man and he becomes an enemy to the community, the primary instinct of self-preservation forcing him to disregard the laws of civilization.

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WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

George Sidney and Charlie Murray are co-starred in "LOST AT THE FRONT," which is said to be one of the most pleasant and laughable pictures of the year.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"THE OLD SOAK," an 8-reel comedy drama, with all star cast. And a two reel comedy.

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BIG DOUBLE SHOW

"THE UPSTAGE," with Norma Shearer and Conrad Nagel, in the leading role. Written for the screen by Harvey Gates.

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A Lee Windt Story.

"George Cnetwynd, the Old Country sportsman, had one peculiarity," says Harry de Windt. "A marked dislike of the rising generation, and I foresaw troubles when one day at the Chatham a young Guardsman was loudly expressing his wonder as to how anyone with property in England could ever be really hard up for money. And this tactless remark, for obvious reasons, put Chetwynd's back up.

"'May I ask how old you are, sir?' inquired Chetwynd in a freezing tone, to the ingenious youth.

"'I am twenty-two to-day,' beamingly responded the other, adding, and only this morning my dear old mother sent me a "monkey."' (A monkey being £500.)

"'She seems rather addicted to the practice,' dryly observed Chetwynd.

"'Really, sir? Why?'

"'Well, according to your account,' remarked Chetwynd, 'she also gave one to your father twenty-two years ago.'"

Insect Gardeners.

White ants of Indo-China have their own gardens, where they tend what might be called pumpkin patches. These insect gardeners raise microscopic pellets like pumpkins, made of a sort of fungus, somewhat similar to the mould on stale bread.

A bed consisting of fragments of leaves and grass is prepared and weeded by the ants. These they chew into fine material into which they place the germs of fungus.

Girl's Skipping Record.

Kitty McHale, an Irish girl of 13, broke all records at Wombell, Yorks, England, by skipping 3,628 hops unbroken in a skipping contest.

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Five Fridays

(Continued from page 3)

"I have some breakfast for you," I announced.

"Soup?" Bopp uttered the word sarcastically.

"Oh, Tooties!" murmured Lucile.

"I forgot," I said. "Tooties is found. I found Tooties last night."

"Where is my little sweetheart now?"

"In the summer house," I replied.

"Oh, my Tooties girl," she exclaimed, "locked up in that cold barn of a place all night!"

"I was there," I reminded her. "I stood it all right."

Lucile started out as fast as she could for the summer house.

"Wait a minute," I protested, wishing to explain about the reporter.

"Wait," she flashed at me, "when Tooties wants me? Never!"

Lucile broke into a run when she saw that I was following her and reached the door of the summer house first. When I arrived I heard a scream.

CHAPTER XVII.
Explanations.

THE picture was a trifle startling. On the floor lay the reporter, his face twisted up into an agonized expression while Tooties stood over him, feebly licking his face, her little red tongue hardly able to wag.

"Oh," Lucile screamed, jumping up and down in her excitement, "he's killing Tooties!"

I'm afraid I laughed. Anyway, she cast a look of reproach at me and made a dive for the tired little pup. Tooties went through the door and dashed, barking, up the beach. Lucile followed after.

They were too fast for me. The last I saw of them was a tiny bobbing

"Oh," Lucille screamed, "he's killing Tooties!"

speck—that was Tooties—and a larger graceful figure with hair flowing free and kimono flying back, which was Lucile.

"What's all the excitement?" the reporter demanded. "Who's the pippin?"

"We had a fire!" I returned wearily.

"Mr. Green's house burned down."

"Everybody asleep, I suppose." The reporter sketched in the story from imagination. "You, the faithful watchman, see the flames, dash into the burning building and rescue the owner's beautiful daughter. It's a peach of a story. It's too bad you can't marry her," he added, eying me rudely. "You've got a wife and seven kids, I suppose."

"I have not," I retorted.

"Then you can marry her."

"Thanks."

"I mean you're not so terribly old and you might look all right if you washed your face and had some decent clothes."

For the first time I realized that I must be a pretty sad looking object. My clothes were wet, torn, singed and thoroughly mussed from having been slept in and rained on.

I looked at him sharply. "What size collar do you wear?"

"Fourteen and a half," he replied glibly.

I grunted. "I'll have a look, anyway."

I rolled him over and removed the collar and necktie as carefully as possible. It was a fifteen and a half.

"Because you lied I shall confiscate the necktie also."

"No," he shouted, interpreting my glance, "you couldn't wear another thing of mine."

"I'm afraid we coincide only in the neck," I sighed regretfully.

"Look here," he began belligerently, "don't you think this farce has gone far enough? I demand to be released. If you let me go now I'll promise not to have you put in jail, and if you'll get me a picture of Miss Green I'll give you $5."

"No," I decided absently.

"What will you do with me?"

"I don't know. It has been puzzling me. You know more about crime than I do. What do you suggest?" I measured the height of his collar with my eye. "I can't say that I care much for your selection of collar style."

"If you aren't going to let me go," continued the young man, whose mind seemed to dwell constantly on himself, "when is breakfast?"

"There, you have ruined an otherwise perfect day. No one knows when, where or what breakfast is."

"No breakfast?" he questioned.

"Nope; nary breakfast."

He sighed. "There's a cigar in my"—He started to tell me which pocket when he recollected my propensity for confiscating his property.

"It's all right," I assured him. "I'm not smoking at present."

"In my left hand upper vest pocket," he finished.

I found a flat leather case in the pocket he had indicated. I opened the case, and a handful of crumpled tobacco fell out.

"I'm afraid I sat on it," I said apologetically.

He turned his face to the wall without a word. I left him alone with the dust of his last cigar.

When I had gone a short distance I heard him sneeze.

When I was satisfied that I had done the best I could to rearrange my disordered clothes and linen I rejoined the disconsolate group at the site of the one time house. There were only four of them—Captain Perkins, Jim, Vida and Kent. Lucile had not returned.

"Where's Lucile?" Vida inquired.

"Tooties got away," I explained, "and she chased her."

"But Tooties is here." Vida indicated the dog playing around the shed. "She came back quite awhile ago with this in her mouth."

Vida held up the torn and dirty remnants of what had been Lucile's kimono.

"That's Lucile's kimono!" I cried.

An idea struck me. "What was she wearing under that?"

"I helped her put on my costume," Vida vouchsafed, "the one that was drying in the shed. It fits her beautifully."

Then I presume that you will find Lucile over there behind that clump of bushes," I bazarded in a loud tone of voice.

There was a sound of branches breaking and then the rustling as if some one were beating a hasty retreat.

"Oh, I see!" Light dawned on Vida. "Just let her alone. She'll get used to them in an hour or so. You do feel kind of funny at first. Now about that breakfast."

"Yes," Bopp chimed in, "produce that feast you were speaking of. With the dog in sight we'll take a chance on anything you've prepared."

"Sail bo!" cried Jim.

"Where be she?" demanded his superior.

"Coming around the point," Jim replied.

Sure enough, a fat little tugboat was nosing her way comfortably through the waves into the cove. "It's the revenue tug!" exclaimed Captain Perkins, whose knowledge of lake craft was naturally superior to that of the rest of us.

"A revenue tug?" Bopp repeated. "What is she doing here?"

"Let's go and find out."

The tug came in as far as she dared, and then an officer came ashore in a dinghy.

"Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen," he began suavely, taking no notice of our disheveled appearance, "I am the revenue officer in charge of this district."

A cry from the tug startled us.

"What's that?" we exclaimed.

The yell was repeated, this time with a smothered finish.

"It's just a couple of prisoners we captured this morning," explained the officer.

"We are very glad to see you and your boat," Bopp stated, doing the honors. "We have had a terrible time here, and if you will set us safely ashore at Fair View we shall be forever in your debt."

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but I cannot carry your party as passengers. Being on government service, my duties are very exacting. However, I shall be glad to notify the first vessel I meet of your request that you be picked up."

"But, man," Bopp exclaimed, "we have been without anything to eat for three days! Surely you can't refuse to take us to some place where food may be had."

"You forget that I have provided food," I interposed.

"I'm trying to forget it," Bopp replied, with ungracious impatience. "I want regular food."

"The lake is calming down," the officer pointed out, "and you can surely be all right soon. As it happens, we are hot on the trail of a gang of smugglers, and if we delay now the chief operator may escape us. He is posing as a telephone repair man employed by the local company in Fair View, but merely uses that position to cloak his criminal operations. He was sent to Green's island before the storm and has not reported back to the office, so we presume that he is here now."

By a common impulse we looked for Kent. He was not among us. Apparently he had waited to hear no more after Captain Perkins had identified the boat as in the government revenue service.

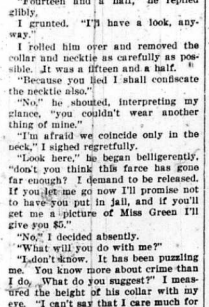
"I can't believe that he is a smuggler," Vida argued. She, like the rest of us, had conceived a liking for the young man whose career had been so varied and interesting. "He doesn't look like a smuggler."

"I'm afraid that is no way to tell," the revenue officer said pleasantly. "The worst smugglers we have are society people. We captured two of his accomplices on Huntingdon's island this morning, and when we get him we shall have wiped out one of the worst gangs of smugglers operating across the border."

At the mention of Huntingdon's island we all pricked up our ears. What connection did the smugglers have with the disappearance of Mrs. Green and Lipton S. Clair?

"While you were on Huntingdon's island," I asked, "did you see anything of Mrs. Green?"

"Why," began the officer, with a puzzled frown, "one of our prisoners



A Cry From the Tug Startled Us.

claims to be Mrs. Green, but that is only an alias for 'Mother Farrel,' whose portrait is in the rogues' gallery. I recognized her at once."

"Who is your other prisoner?" I had an inkling of what had really happened at Huntingdon's island since I had left it.

"The other one is a man masquerading in woman's clothes. He refused to give his name, but I think he is Dan Maloney, a rather high class crook who does smuggling only as a side line for grand larceny."

"I'm afraid you have the wrong parties." I smiled as I thought of Lipton S. Clair's outraged dignity. "The lady really is Mrs. Green, and the gentleman is not Dan Maloney, but Lipton S. Clair, a well known literary man."

The revenue officer's face fell, then a suspicious look came into his eyes. "How do I know that you are not one of the gang yourself and this is merely a trick to get us to release your pals? What was Mrs. Green doing over there anyway?"

"She was out on a small boat and was blown over there during the storm," Vida volunteered.

"Miss Green," the officer addressed her huskily, "I cannot refuse to take your word. I'll have the prisoners brought ashore, and if the lady is really your mother I shall be glad to release her instantly."

Vida did not correct his mistake, but asked, "How do you know I am Miss Green?"

"Oh, I'd know you anywhere," he bragged, smiling. "I've seen your photograph in the newspapers often."

So he had, but not with the name of Lucile Green attached to it.

"Thank you ever so much for your kindness."

"Not at all," he returned; then, addressing the man in the dinghy, "Smith."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Report to Marshal Cochran on board and ask him to bring his prisoners ashore."

CHAPTER XVIII.
A Happy Party.

THE man departed and after an interval returned with three passengers, two of them unmistakably Mrs. Green and Mr. Clair, the other a United States federal officer. Mrs. Green was decorated with a bandkerchief, which was tied over her mouth.

"I had to gag the dame," explained the marshal. "She kept yelling all the time."

The look which the disheveled lady in the red ball gown cast upon Uncle Sam's representative probably burned a hole in his shirt which will never heal up.

"Remove the gag," the revenue officer commanded.

"Wait," Vida requested; "wait until after I have identified her."

That was a wonderful inspiration on Vida's part. As the two women had never set eyes on each other before, Mrs. Green might not address Vida as her own offspring as soon as the power of speech was restored to her.

"If you say she is your mother it is all right," said Vida's new conquest gallantly. "You may remove the handkerchief yourself if you like. Then your mother will forgive us for our blunder. Can you identify the gentleman too?"

"She doesn't know me," Clair muttered, with a look of terror. "I don't want to be identified."

"I object to your calling him," Vida replied politely. "I am seriously considering an offer of marriage from him."

"Let him go, then," the revenue man insisted.

"I don't want to be released."

"You have to be." The officer waved him sternly.

"How about the telephone man?" Cochran, the marshal, inquired. "I've got to get one prisoner anyway, or I won't dare show up in Detroit."

"We'll arrest him, all right," the other reassured him. "He's on the island somewhere. It's only a question of catching him, Mrs. Gentleman," turning to us, "it will save any unpleasantness if you will point out which one of you is in the employ of the telephone company. If not I shall be forced to ask all of you to summarily prove who you are to accompany me."

There was no answer. No one of us was anxious to turn informer.

"I have a description of Horace Sims," said the officer, "although at present he is traveling under the name of Kent. Height, five feet four inches; slender, dark hair and eyes"—

"Excuse me," interrupted Bopp. "What are you going to do with the smuggler when you get him?"

"We shall have to take him to Detroit and thence to the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan."

"Will you give him a square meal?" Bopp asked anxiously.

"Why, yes," smiled the officer. "We have a good cook on board, and we would not starve a prisoner."

"All right," Bopp sighed. "Do I fit the description?"

The officer laughed. "I knew you all the time, Binns. Step lively. Get aboard, and we'll have you safe in jail in no time."

With a wink to the rest of us, Bopp climbed into the boat with a demeanor that otherwise would have been a credit to Sydney Carton.

When the tug was being rowed away he waved farewell.

"Don't worry," he reassured us. "I won't be in jail long."

"We won't worry," I answered for all. "Stay as long as you like."

After the tug had gone Clair stood looking disconsolately after it.

"You don't seem overjoyed at being set free," I said to him in a low voice, so that the others could not hear.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted to be arrested so that Miss Dunmore would break our engagement? Jail is better than marriage any time. They shorten jail sentences for good behavior." He shook his fist at the departing tug. "They were just ready to have breakfast on board too."

A confusion of inarticulate sounds advised me that Miss Dunmore was removing the gag from her hastily adopted mother's mouth.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Green demanded as soon as she could speak. "Where's Lucile? What is the next thing I have to do, loop the loop or be electrocuted?"

"I'm a castaway, wrecked on your island," Vida explained. "Your daughter is all right."

"Where is she?" Mrs. Green fired the question at me as if I were to be sure responsible.

"Why"— I started to explain, but realized suddenly that Mrs. Green might not take kindly to the idea of her daughter's present costume, so I stopped.

"She's over there." Captain Perkins waved in the general direction of the thickest where we had last heard Lucile.

"Dead?" Mrs. Green murmured, leaning for support on my arm.

"No, no," interposed Vida, who should have done the explaining in the first place. "She is just taking a nap. She has had such a terribly exhausting experience the last forty-eight hours that we were all thankful when she dosed off a little while ago. Poor thing, the rest will do her a world of good."

"What's she sleeping over there for?" pointing at the bushes. "Why isn't she in her own bed in the house?"

"Oh the house," Vida repeated blankly. "Didn't any one tell you? There isn't any house."

"No house? Why not?"

"Your house, madam," said Captain Perkins, "has been consumed by the devouring element." He quoted a fire insurance advertisement from memory.

"Well, at least Green repeated in a daze. "Well, well."

Lipton S. Clair plucked me by the sleeve to attract my attention and whispered in my ear, "Where are my pants?"

"Why," I replied, "I sent them over to Huntingdon's island, as I promised I would."

"Are they there now?"

"Yes. Bill left them in the kitchen for you."

"Then I suppose I'll have to wear this."

"I should think that it would be immodest if you didn't."

He walked away.

"Take me to my daughter," Mrs. Green said, with a sigh. "Let me see that there is something left of my life as it was before the earthquake."

"You can see her if you wish," said Vida calmly, "but I assure you she is all right, and you will only disturb her from a sleep which she needs very, very much."

Vida is an admirable liar. Mrs. Green actually believed her and ceased to worry about Lucile. Mrs. Green is one of those placid ladies who let other people bully them and mold their very thoughts. Lucile had always made her mother think just whatever she told her to, and Vida was apparently able to do the trick also.

We walked up to inspect the ruins It was as nice and complete a set of ruins as I have ever gazed upon. Nothing was left to the imagination—the whole business was ruined.

While we were engaged in that mournful amusement a tall, muscular young man walked into our circle and demanded, "Where is Lipton S. Clair?"

"Ned!" Vida exclaimed, rushing to ward him. She stopped when she saw his face.

He brushed past her.

"Ned Blaney?" shouted Clair, joyful by escaping toward the young man.

"You ungrateful hound!" roared Blaney, gazing on that whiskered travesty without smiling. "You stole the only woman I ever loved away from me. Heart breaker!"

"I couldn't help it," Clair admitted.

"Viper!" yelled Blaney as he fell on his friend.

It would have been a fairer fight if Clair had not been hampered by his skirts. As it was, it ended with Blaney athwart Clair's back, grinding his nose into the dirt.

"I give up!" choked Clair. "I'll mar ry her."

"Marry her!" Blaney shook his friend again. "Not while I live."

"Isn't that what you're trying to make me do?" Clair expostulated as well as he could. "I don't want to, that's certain."

"Don't you see, Ned," Vida interrupted soothingly, "he doesn't want to marry me. Your outrageous jealousy has led you into making a mistake again."

"I'm sorry," corroborated Blaney. "I've been under a terribly nervous strain over all this, and first I was afraid Vida was lost in the storm. I was nearly frantic till I got back to the rowboat and came over. It was an awful pull in the sea that's running out there. But it's all right now. You must all come over to Fair View to see Vida and we get married this morning."

Clair was listening to all this in a sort of dazed wonder.

"Don't I have to marry her?" he asked.

"Have to marry her?" echoed Blaney good naturedly. "Why, you old rhinoceros, you couldn't trap a girl into marrying you even if you dressed up like Mrs. Katzenjammer to please her. "But she said"— began Clair.

Vida dashed an imploring look at me Clair could still do a good deal of damage if he revealed all that she had said and done trying to win that wager from me.

"She said," I repeated, brushing off and adjusting Clair's skirt, which had suffered sadly from his rough and tumble encounter, "she said that she knew she would like you because you were a friend of Mr. Blaney's."

"Stop pinching my leg!" roared Clair, failing to get the significance of my signal and whisking his skirts out of my grasp. He glared at me balefully.

Blaney laughed. The picture Clair made obliterated the recollection of his jealousy for a moment. Then he caught sight of my seal ring on Vida's hand.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"That?" echoed Vida blankly, turning the ring on her finger. She had forgotten that she was wearing it. "That is a seal ring."

"Yes, I see it," admitted her fiance sarcastically. "Your explanation so far is perfectly satisfactory."

"I got it for you," she pouted. "but I don't know whether to give it to you or not."

CHAPTER XIX.
The Honor of Thieves.

WHEN Vida had definitely cast herself for the part she was going to play she went ahead with the certainty of a trained artist.

"Let's see it." Blaney demanded doubtfully.

(Continued on page 6)

THE WILD WHITE MAN

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AMONG CANNIBALS.

In 1908 Prisoner Escaped Into Australian "Bush"—After an Exciting Period of Time He Returned to Civilization and Was Pardoned.

"One hour of glorious liberty is worth a whole eternity of bondage."

Is this the thought that lures so many convicts to essay escape. Certainly this year has been remarkable for the numerous daring bids for freedom made by prisoners undergoing sentence.

Escaped prisoners have frequently succeeded in remaining at large for years. Most amazing of all was the case of the celebrated "Wild White Man" of Australia, who, after starving in the bush, lived for thirty-two years among cannibals. He took to wife a cannibal as wife, before surrendering to the authorities and dictating his romantic experiences for publication in book form, a thrilling, absorbing, Hardly a literary production, but a thrilling narrative.

William Buckley, private soldier, had already at one time been sent active service and been wounded when he was convicted at Gibraltar in 1802 for conspiring to shoot the Duke of York and transported to the convict settlement in New South Wales.

In 1803, two days after Christmas, Buckley and three fellow-convicts managed to dodge past the sentry; one was shot, but the others pushed on into the bush.

"For seven days, saved from absolute starvation by occasional shellfish, they wandered on until Buckley's companions, exhausted by hunger, fell behind, and, despairing, returned to prison. Buckley preferred to cling to the liberty that surrounded him in the trackless Australian bush.

Alone and unarmed, he struggled on, living on uncooked shell-fish, berries, and melons. Days passed. Then suddenly he came face to face with three armed savages.

Escape was impossible. Luckily Buckley's great height—he was six feet five—overawed these gypsy aboriginals, and they made friendly overtures. After spending some time with these people he decided to leave them.

Some days later his strength began to fail him. Spotting a spear stuck firmly in the ground, he plucked it out and used it as a walking-stick until, worn-out, he flung himself down, spear in hand, beneath a tree. Then spear and tree have his life.

Two cannibals found the sleeping man. Buckley must certainly have been born under a lucky star, for these two savages belonged to a tribe having a curious superstition concerning white men.

They believe, says Buckley, that when they die they go to some place or other where they are made into white men; and that they then return to this world again for another existence. They think all the white people, previous to death, were belonging to their own tribe, thus returned to life in a different color.

Moreover, the spear bound in Buckley's hand was the very spear that had been left to mark the grave of their recently deceased chief; unhesitatingly they hailed the convict joyfully as their reincarnated chief, and conducted him with great ceremony to the tribal village.

Buckley's explanation that a "living dead chief" was peaceful. Then his fears were aroused by the approach of a hostile tribe. As Buckley watched his followers arming their javelins with clay, daubing their faces with red dye, and otherwise preparing for the coming fray, his heart sank, for he well knew the fate awaiting him if captured—the enemy were also cannibals.

Victory, however, fell to his own tribe. But as years passed, war, became more frequent, and Buckley gradually degenerated into the habits of his savage companions, lived, sleeping in the grass, and joining in their wild rites and customs.

Eventually he became so "acclimatized" as to choose a wife from amongst the dusky beauties of the tribe. Besides his position as chief, Buckley possessed other attractions for the gentler sex, for he had become expert with both boomerang and spear.

The lady, he tells us, was "a young widow, about twenty years of age, tolerably good-looking after a fashion, and apparently very mild-tempered."

True, she was a cannibal, but the convict had grown hardened to the sight of these gruesome feasts. As years went by, however, the lady tired of her white husband, and one evening Buckley returned to his reed hut to find that his wife had disappeared with a lover. The insult was offered to the chief as unfortunate some of the tribe that civil war broke out between them and, the members of the lady's family. Disgusted, Buckley ran away.

After thirty-two years of savage life, the wretched wanderer espied a settlers' camp on the far side of a lake, says a writer in John o' London's Weekly. Deciding that even prison life would be preferable to his present existence, he threw himself upon the mercy of the settlers. But he could no longer make himself understood in English, and his appearance was such that the white men took him for a savage.

At last, however, his power of speech returned, and he was handed over to the authorities, who formally him a free pardon in consideration of his usefulness as a go-between with the natives.

For twenty years Buckley lived the life of a useful citizen. Then, with fate's subtle irony, the man who had survived the dangers of the bush and cannibals, succumbed to injuries received in falling from a cart.

Crowding the Bed.

In early Victorian times the workmen were accustomed to rough it. Isabella Fyvie Mayo in her "Recollections" mentions that one flourishing firm of bakers—patronized by royalty—"kept eleven men and had only one bed for them all. During the twenty-four hours they occupied it turn and turn about. One of these unfortunates was generally in Charing Cross hospital, and the 'master' got a reputation for generosity by his yearly subscription to its funds."

ENGLAND'S OLDEST OAKS.

Huge Oak Trees Exist in Many Parts of the Country.

As memorials of past days, when the might of England depended on her wooden walls, there are no fitter examples than the huge oak trees that exist in many parts of the country.

That these great trees remain is probably due in fact that the new roads in earlier times were far too rough and transport too elementary to draw such vast weights for any considerable distance.

The largest oaks in England today are standing in the park at Powis castle, near Welshpool. They are four in number, and it has been calculated that between them they contain no fewer than 7,000 cubic feet of timber. The circumference of the largest tree near the ground is 40 feet.

The Billy Wilkins Oak at Melbury, near Dorchester, has a trunk 38 feet in circumference, which in its turn is eclipsed by the Newland Oak near Coleford, Gloucestershire. This tree has the largest girth of any in England, over 43 feet.

Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire has been celebrated for its fine oaks, many of which have romantic legends attached to them. They are nearly all far gone in decay, but the Major Oak is still healthy and vigorous. This fine tree is 65 feet high and 30 feet in circumference.

The Greendale Oak is well known to all visitors. It was through this tree that a Duke of Portland cut an opening through which he was said to have driven a coach and four.

A fine old oak of historical interest stands at Ryston Hall in Norfolk. This tree was the meeting place of the followers of Robert Kett, who led a rebellion in 1549 as a protest against the extensive enclosure of common lands. The tree was, and still is, owned by the Pratt family. After the rebels had left for Norwich the following message was found pinned to the trunk:—

Mr. prat your shepe are very fat
And we thank you for that.
We have left you the skinnes
To buy your lady pinnes
And yet must thank us for that.

The oaks of Windsor have been celebrated for centuries, but old age has played havoc with them of late, and there are few really fine trees left.

William the Conqueror's Oak, reputed to be over 900 years old, is now only a magnificent wreck, but in the Cowpond wood is a tree which towers to a height of over 130 feet.

Not far away is the Druids Oak of Burnham Beeches, reputed to be 600 years old.

BOY SULTAN OF MOROCCO

Mohammed, Fourteen Years Old, Will Be Trained by His French Protectors.

"Mohammed, the son of Yussef, the son of El Hassan, God is his Protector, he is the envoy of God, he makes the lions tremble in their very dens, O most noble of creatures!"

That is the official description of Mulay Mohammed ben Yussef ben El Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, as his grand seal puts it on documents of State, writes C. R. Streit, in the New York Times. But he who would like to receive such a Daniel come to the throne of Morocco would do well to begin by forgetting the official description which, incidentally is applied to every Sultan of the Sheriffian Empire. He should look instead for a lad of 14 with a slim body clothed in the graceful folds of a white burnoos, and a well-modelled head with a rather long-ish, oval-shaped face set with glowing black eyes and looking like a child of a decided air of not having been brought up on the farm or in the bronzing Morocco plains, mountains or deserts.

Indeed, the skin of Mulay Mohammed is not only not of the tint of Othello's (which his father had), it is white almost to the point of pallor. He seems a hot-house plant, which means, in Morocco, that he has been brought up in the shade. A skin that has escaped the sun in an infernally sunny a country is enough to indicate wealth and position.

Little is known about Mohammed's personality and character by any outsiders save the French. But the fact that he was chosen, Sultan over the heads of his older brothers, Mulay Idrias, aged 19, and Mulay El Hassan, aged 15, speaks volumes for this boy of 14. It speaks not of a waist for lion taming, but of a docile, tractable temperament which yearns for protection—the same soft temperament as that which led the French to put Mulay Yussef on the throne in the tumultuous days of 1912.

The official lion-tamer of Morocco is fortunately blessed with an empire in which there are no lions. It does, however, contain a host of 200,000 tribesmen, and nothing is said in the seal about these subjects trembling at their adobe huts or spreading tents. Indeed, these subjects were making the Sultans cower in their palaces so much that, in 1912, Mulay Mohammed's uncle, Mulay Hafid, called in the French to protect him from them. Four months after he signed the protectorate treaty he was forced to abdicate. Mulay Yussef, who succeeded him, was the kind of Sultan for whom the French could sincerely wish many happy returns on each birthday, but he died prematurely at 45.

It is widely supposed that one can see in a child the salient characteristics of the future man. There is not always ground for this supposition. Nothing but the years can tell whether the French are right in their appraisal of Mulay Mohammed. They will no doubt try to help the years to confirm their hopes.

But Islam now is waking. Turkey has thrown off the veiled protection of the extraterritorial powers and the picture of Mustafa Kemal, the westernizer, is to be seen in the bazaars of the four capitals of Mulay Mohammed—Fez, Rabat, Mekenes and Marrakesh. Meanwhile the French are doing twentieth century pioneering in Morocco. The mail comes not by pony express, but by airplane. Even the native mail, not by covered wagon or yet by train, but by motor bus.

Mulay Mohammed is a boy and his youth means not only that his French protectors will have a chance to form his character during his most impressionable age. It means that he is of a new generation in Morocco, a generation that still dresses in the good robes of the fathers, but which plays tennis in them—tennis in the very shadow of the minaret.

The French are sagacious colonial rulers, despite ideas to the contrary held by members of the English-speaking world who have not seen them at work in North Africa. But they face now in Morocco a difficult problem in imperialism worthy of their best mettle.

Islam is astir with Western ferment and a Sultan of a coming, not a passing, generation is on the throne of Morocco. He has the forms of power and should be grow restive and attempt to use them, he may meet with a warm response from his subjects. The young have a way of becoming festive, imbued with new ideas and ambitions. Mulay Mohammed may yet try to make the lions tremble in their very dens.

Peking's Poison Shop.

The sale of Hsi Hô Nian Jong, a chemist's shop in Peking, once famous for the sale of storks' blood, recalls some curious facts in its history.

Storks' blood was reputed to be such a deadly poison that a few drops made a lethal dose. High-born prisoners, sentenced to death but permitted to choose the manner of execution, were taken to this shop and dosed with storks' blood, for which an extraordinary price was charged.

The shop's signboard is said to be worth over $20,000. It consists of two wooden boards, and the wording is said to have been written by Yen Sung, a councillor of the Ming dynasty, whose calligraphy has become classical.

A Great Obstacle.

The Teacher: "What was Washington's great obstacle?"

Class (in unison): "He couldn't tell a lie."

There was one divorce for every six marriages in the United States last year.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill will do, a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

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(Continued from page 5)

She handed it to him.

"Hm!" He examined it closely "You got this for me? The 'B' is all right, but this other initial looks like an 'M.'"

"No, it doesn't, dear," she said. "That's an old English 'N.' The old Englishmen did things differently. Their 'Ns' always looked like 'Ms.' I've known lots of old Englishmen."

"Oh," the young man said, slipping the ring on his finger. "Thanks awfully, dear."

That was the end of my ring.

Bill Johnson ambled up to our party with a triumphant grin on his face.

"She shall run," he announced. "For $2 she shall take everybody to Fair View."

"That's a lot to pay if you've ever spent a day in Fair View," said the prospective bridegroom. "Nevertheless I will pay it and ask you all to come to our wedding and the wedding breakfast."

"Could it be possible," Captain Perkins asked, "to have the wedding breakfast first?"

"I think it could," laughed Blaney. "Come on, everybody," invited Vida.

I started to follow the others, but Vida dropped back to my side and whispered, "You're not invited."

"What!" I exclaimed, startled.

"You're not supposed to come."

"Why not?"

"If I were you, I should get lost in the woods somewhere. It might run into something to your advantage."

"I couldn't. What would she think of me?"

"Try it and find out." Vida smiled at me quizzically. "I'm a woman myself, and I can guess. You won't need to make any advances. Don't you want her?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then don't bother about any one else's wedding breakfast. Just attend to your own."

"She's engaged to Bopp," I protested feebly.

"To make you angry," she whispered. "I can't talk to you any more because Ned is getting red behind his ears.

That means that he is fearfully jealous. I must run along and be scolded. Think it over."

She skipped blithely to the side of her soon to be lord and master (maybe), smiling into his face with a look so childlike and ingratiating that Othello would have eaten the bolster himself had he been in Blaney's shoes.

Mrs. Green halted the procession.

"I can't go without Lucile."

"Mr. Blaney will explain it to Lucile," Vida assured her, taking my solution for granted. "You see, I need you terribly because I have no other woman friend with me. My own mother"— her lips quivered.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Green. "Has she been dead long?"

"She isn't dead, but she's in a stock company in St. Louis."

"You really ought to go to the mainland," I said, thinking to help matters out, "in order to bring back some clothes for Lucile."

"What's that?" Mrs. Green turned. "Hasn't she any clothes on?"

"Certainly," Vida popped into the breach surefootedly, "she has plenty of clothes on, but they would not be suitable for her to wear to go over to the mainland to register at a hotel."

Vida spoke the truth almost as convincingly as she lied.

"Please come," she urged.

"I'll go," decided the older woman.

Fortunately I forgot that her own costume was a trifle bizarre for a morning wedding, even in Fair View.

I conducted the company to the dock and saw that they were made as comfortable as possible in the Merry Widow.

"Bill," I commanded, "get that row boat that Mr. Blaney rowed over in and tie it on behind the Merry Widow."

I departed for the summer house, vaguely wondering if I could silence the reporter without using chloroform.

When I entered the summer house he eyed me with a cold gleaming sort of hate, that made me think of Italian daggers or Malay krises.

"If I let you go," I began the parley, "how much will you take to shut up and not ask any questions?"

"Nothing doing," he declared without hesitation. "I'm going to get you and I'm going to get you good."

"I can't afford it," I conciliated. "You can get me just as soon as you like, but all I ask is that you do nothing to injure some perfectly harmless people."

He looked at me keenly.

"You're not the caretaker here, as I thought, are you?"

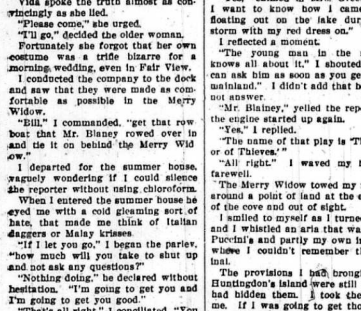
"Why, no," I replied modestly, "not in a professional way anyhow."

"Who are you?" His newspaper instinct made him put the usual questions in spite of his dislike.

"I'm just a guest." I said

"I know, but where shall I find you if you dare meet me when we get off this island and my hands aren't tied? What's your name?"

"You can find me any time you like in the editorial rooms in the New York Planet, and my name is Blaney."



"You're not invited."

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

"Not Montmorency Blaney, the dramatic critic?"

"That's the one." I was gratified that my fame had spread so far

"They say," quoted the reporter, "that you are the worst dramatic critic in New York."

"That is an enviable distinction," I murmured. "It is a place where they are so numerous and bad."

"What I mean is that you are the most severe. If a play gets praise from you it's sure of success."

"Well, hardly that," I explained. "I have picked a good many winners, that's all."

The young man looked up at me.

"I've written a play," he announced.

"Only one?" I asked with simulated interest. "Almost every person in the United States has written one play. To attain distinction you must measure up to your dramatic achievements by the dozen."

"But mine is different."

"Yes? Wherein lies the difference?"

"Mine is going to be produced."

"That may or may not be an advantage."

"With your help it is going to be an advantage."

"How is that?" I inquired politely, with a sinking premonition of what my part was going to be.

"When the play is produced you are going to call it as the great American play of the century. No matter if the other critics condemn it, they will qualify their criticism when they note your enthusiasm. They will go again and discover subtle merits that escaped their dramatic attack. Started by your panegyric, its fame will grow, the public will attend, I shall get contracts for more plays and I shall have arrived."

"Very clever," I sneered, "but your play is probably rotten, and I shall tell the public so."

"Then I'll tell all I know about what has happened on Green's island, and I shall hint at a lot of things I don't know. If you will agree to like my play I'll promise to shut up and not ask any more questions."

He looked me squarely in the eye.

"Does Mrs. Green ordinarily drink too much?" he asked.

His guess was too near the mark for comfort. I took out my knife and cut his throat.

"Thanks, old man," said the reporter, slowly stretching his aching muscles.

"They are waiting to take you back to Fair View," I informed him.

"I'm hungry," he inquired. "Who are they?"

"All the principal characters in that story you were going to write. By the way, your name is Jones— Clarence Jones—you're an old school friend of mine."

"Any particulars?" he asked, as we walked down to the dock.

"It isn't necessary. Bopp won't have a chance to pump you because you are going to be towed behind the rest in a rowboat."

"Why is that?"

"You promised not to ask any more questions," I reminded him.

At the dock I introduced him perfunctorily to his fellow voyagers, and he took his seat docilely in the rowboat.

Bill Johnson cranked up his engine, and the Merry Widow started blithely away. When she was a few feet from the dock the engine stopped.

"What's the matter—broke down?" I shouted.

"No," answered Bill, "I just stop her because you forgot to tal me what for I must keep green be on Huntington's island. You say you tal me, and you forgot."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Green, "and I want to know how I came to be floating out on the lake during the storm with my red dress on."

I reflected a moment.

"The young man in the rowboat knows all about it," I shouted. "You can ask him as soon as you get on the mainland." I didn't add that he would not answer.

"Mr. Blainey," yelled the reporter as the engine started up again.

"Yes," I replied.

"The name of that play is 'The Hon or of Thieves.'"

"All right." I waved my hand in farewell.

The Merry Widow towed my troubles around a point of land at the entrance of the cove and out of sight.

I smiled to myself as I turned away, and I whistled as I did so that was partly Puccini's and partly my own but in places where I couldn't remember the original.

The provisions I had brought from Huntingdon's island were still where I had bidden them. I took them with me. If I was going to get thoroughly lost at least I should be well provisioned.

On my way to the trackless depths of this half mile wide wilderness I stopped at the summer house and unearthed some tea things which I knew were stored there in a locker. There was a lunch cloth, silver, china, a small caddy of tea and tiny water beater, all of which I added to my pack. Then I plunged through the underbrush into the warm, soft bypaths of the woods.

After I had lost myself in the forest as far as I could without coming out again on the other side, I put down my burden and prepared to abandon myself to despair as comfortably as possible. I was rather relieved to find that I had given up hope of finding my way very close to the spot where I believe I have mentioned as existing on the island. At any rate I should not die of thirst.

A fairly flat tree stump looked extraordinarily like a table when a cloth was spread on it and places for two. There was a cheerful look, too, about the teakettle when the alcohol lamp under it had been lit long enough to make it send out tiny streaks of steam. And over all a flicker of sunlight romped about the table as if the fairy Tinker Bell were touching the dishes to make it a magic feast.

I did not eat, though. Instead I leisurely brewed a pot of tea. I had never cared a great deal about tea before, but the aroma of that particular brew will haunt me when other perfumes have lost their savor.

I drew up two pieces of fallen tree trunk to serve as chairs and seated myself on one side of the table. My trap was ready.

Presently there was the sound of breaking twigs in the underbrush nearby. I pretended not to notice. Then Tootles came forth, frisking and wagging her tail. I petted her.

Some one coughed in back of me. I turned. Parting the bushes on either side like the flaps of a heavy green robe, yet drop curtain stood the shy spirit of the wood.

"I had to make you turn around," she said apologetically, "and get it over with."

Never was a fairer Rosalind. She held up her head with a fine courage in spite of the crimson blushes which chased each other over her face and neck, and she stood straight in the high beeled soft kid boots, a slender figure, almost boyish.

"Won't you sit down?" I had risen and indicated the log seat opposite mine.

"Were you expecting some one?" she asked, casting an anxious look at the seat.

"Why, yes." I pretended to be hesitant about confiding in her. "I was expecting some one, a lady, one that I am very fond of, but I am afraid that she has disappointed me. Won't you take her place?"

"Thank you," she said simply and slid into the seat.

When I poured her some of the tea and offered her such food as was available she ate accented morsels and ate with unembarrassed appetite. It may sound unromantic to say that we satisfied our hunger without conversation, but remember that there had been many hours when talk had been our only substitute for food. Tooties had some of everything, including that which proves to my mind conclusively that she isn't a regular dog. But no more of that.

"I'm sorry," my vis-a-vis said at last, leaning forward with her chin resting on the backs of her clasped hands, "I'm sorry to be sitting in the place of some one else whom you would prefer to have here." Then she added, with a little sigh, "But, if you would prefer some one else."

"I would and I wouldn't," I smiled. "I am trying to imagine that you are she."

"In these—in this costume?"

"It is difficult to imagine her dressed as you are, but not impossible. I admit, though, that it would be easier to picture you in her dress than her in yours."

"Why did she not come?"

"I have displeased her."

"If she has been angry it must be that she forgot for the moment how brave you are and how kind."

"She said she never wanted to see me again."

"And you said you would never enter her house again. Yet you broke your word when she was in danger, and she was very glad to see you indeed." She reached across the table impulsively and laid her small brown fingers in my palm.

"What would you do in that case?"

"I'd come and find you," she answered, "and when I'd found you, I'd put my hands in yours, just like this, and I'd ask your forgiveness for being a cross, cranky, old maid."

"But she isn't an old maid." I held her fingers tightly.

"She'll be — twenty-five tomorrow." She laughed. "And if a girl isn't married by the time she is twenty-five she is an old maid."

"Then she'll never be an old maid," I declared, "because by this time tomorrow she'll be married—that is," I added, "if she'll accept a stout, middle aged man for a husband."

"There isn't one on this island," she declared, looking at me with shining eyes. "You can't claim to be stout when your belt nearly reaches around you twice. Monty," she gave my hand a quick little squeeze, "you're a dear."

"Will you marry me?" I asked.

"Of course. I decided that long ago Do you suppose I'd let any man see me in this costume unless he was going to marry me?"

I pulled her toward me.

"Excuse me, folks," said a voice, "I hate like the deuce to butt in on the Sothern and Marlowe stuff and I certainly have no desire to, but I've got to make a getaway and I can't do a Bredle out of this tree without disturbing you."

We looked up at the anxious face of Kent peering between the branches.

"That revenue boat is coming back, and it's a cinch they're going to get me this time if I stick around this dinky island. I've got to beat it."

Father and Son Fight Side by Side

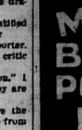
Roy is a handsome lad of fifteen, who is very proud of a new set of head phones some friend sent to him. Now he can hear as far as Boston on his radio. The wires come right in by his bed, where he rests most of the time. You see, Roy is in the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives and is by no means as well as he looks, although he says he is getting along fine. He can visit his Dad, who is another source of comfort to him.

Dad is in the same institution, also making the never ceasing struggle against the fell disease. So often "T. B." grips more than one in a family. Both are really making good progress, however—the complete rest, the discipline and the care of kindly nurses and doctors are having their usual good effect in this efficient institution.

The Muskoka Hospital is urgently in need of funds. What can you spare to help?

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 5, Ontario.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



IS ALWAYS RELIABLE

E.W.GILLETT CO. LTD.

He scrambled down.

"How can you get away?" I asked

"The launch," he explained briefly. "I've been dying her up on the q t this week getting ready for an emergency. She looks good for fifteen miles an hour."

"Sixteen," corrected Lucile.

"All the better then. I'll lose 'em out there. I don't suppose you two doves will mind if I keep 'em so busy that they ain't got time to land Mr Bopp for an hour or so." He grinned. "Not a bit," I answered. "Good luck"

He started for the cove. I watched him out of sight.

When I turned back the beach up

"I caught her and punished her as she deserved."

poste me was empty. A slender figure was stealthily making for the shelter of the thicket.

When I had caught her and punished her as she deserved for deserting me I still held her tight in my arms for fear she would escape me again.

"By the way," I asked casually some time later, "where would you like to spend your honeymoon?"

She considered a moment and then parted her lips in a slow smile.

"I think I'd like to spend our honeymoon in a dining car."

THE END.

MYSTERIOUS LAND OF EGYPT.

Most Ancient Known Civilization in the World.

The wonders of the land of Egypt formed the theme of an interesting lecture, delivered to the members of the Aberdeen Philosophical Society, by Prof. Adam F. Findlay, on "Recent Discoveries of Egypt. Prof. Findlay said, was, with the doubtful exception of that of Mesopotamia, the most ancient known in the world. Of these things are actually running into the four figures, the rarest being the two cents, which has a value of approximately $7,500. The twelve is listed at only $350. Cut out to shape is worth $175. The two stamps issued in 1952 are each worth $1,000 in unused condition, although they are worth about a hundred in used condition.

The wood block triangular stamps of the Cape of Good Hope are about the best known specimens. These stamps are called wood blocks because the plates were locally made and the stereotypes were mounted on wood. The two errors of this issue command considerably higher prices than the normal values. The one penny was printed red and the four in blue, but a stereotype of each value was mounted in the wrong plate. This resulted in a one penny error, the word "Postage, One Penny," at the top and bottom respectively, and Post Office at the left side and Mauritius at the right. The four penny error reads Post Office Port Louis, Mauritius. The one penny was orange and the twopence blue. The former to-day is listed at $20,000 unused, and $12,500 used, while the latter is worth $17,000 unused and $15,000 used. The following year two stamps of similar design but with the words "Post Paid" in the left side in place of "Post Office." The values were the same and the colors similar, although there are several varieties of each and the various impressions from the different printings. These varieties range from $150 unused for the most common up to $5,000 unused for the rarest, while used they run from $45 to $1,250. The twopence unused ranges from $400 to $6,000 and from $75 to $2,250. An error in spelling in the latter value occurred, the word pence being spelled "pense." In this case the stamp is worth from $2,000 to $10,000 unused and $125 to $3,000 used.

Our own Dominion only gives us one stamp which has a value expressed in four figures—the twelve-pence black, which is worth about $1,250 unused and $1,000 used. We have, however, several with values running into hundreds of dollars. The first stamp of Canada, the three-pence beaver on laid paper is worth $100 unused. The sixpence is worth considerably more.

Watch Your Pep.

Pep is a slang word invented to convey the idea of those who are always up and about, who are full of "ginger," who never go to sleep at the switch. When you are full of pep you can go a long way toward doing almost anything. But pep runs out. If your stomach goes back on you because you don't know how to take care of it; if you consort with weak minded people, taking on the color of their weak mindedness; if you burn the candle at both ends, then your pep runs low.

Watch your pep.—Life.

CLASSIC OF PHILATELY

BRITISH GUIANA ONE-CENT IS VERY RARE.

Many Stamps Are Very Valuable and a Goodly Few Are Worth a Small Fortune — Seen Only In Exhibitions.

What are the rarest stamps in the world? How much are they worth? I have been asked these two questions times without number from young collectors, writes Stanley Munday in Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star. There are a great many stamps which are very valuable and a goodly few are worth a small fortune, but these stamps are seldom heard of and less seldom seen except in exhibitions.

The classic of Philately—the rarest of the rare—is the one cent red, British Guiana, 1856, which realised the sum of $32,000 at an auction a couple of years ago. This stamp has a very curious history. In 1856 the supply of postage stamps in British Guiana was very depleted, and as the vessel carrying fresh supplies from Britain was delayed, an issue of a one cent denomination and a four cents value were prepared and issued by the printing office of the Official Gazette at Georgetown, by Messrs. Baum & Dallas. The stamps were in use for a short time, and when other fresh supplies from England additional stamps from England.

Very few of these stamps were kept, and after a few years a one cent denomination was found on a piece of a letter by a school boy. He kept it for a short time, and then sold it with the rest of his stamps to a dealer, who in turn sold the stamp for a trifling amount. Each subsequent sale added to the price, until it gradually crept into four figure class. From there it was an easy jump to five figures. It was added to the Ferarri collection, which was seized by the French Government as alien property on the outbreak of the world war, and later sold by auction.

This stamp is the rarest and most expensive stamps in the world. It is the only one known, and for that reason commands this high price. The four cents value of the same issue, appeared in magenta, blue and blue with the paper colored through. Each of these stamps are valuable. The blue on the paper colored through is worth about $5,000, the blue on ordinary paper about $4,000, while the four cents magenta is worth about $500.

British Guiana has furnished several other very rare and expensive stamps. The one cent magenta, which appeared in 1950, and were merely a circle with the value in the centre and British Guiana at the top and bottom respectively. The postage stamps were type-set and several varieties exist, and all were initialled before use by the Deputy Postmaster-General or by one of the clerks at the Colonial Office at Georgetown. Each of these stamps, with the exception of the twelve, is listed at only $350. The twelve is listed at only $175. The two stamps issued in 1852 are each worth $1,000 in unused condition, although they are worth about a hundred in used condition.

The wood block triangular stamps of the Cape of Good Hope are about the best known specimens. These stamps are called wood blocks because the plates were locally made and the stereotypes were mounted on wood. The two errors of this issue command considerably higher prices than the normal values. The one penny was printed red and the four in blue, but a stereotype of each value was mounted in the wrong plate. This resulted in a one penny error, the word "Postage, One Penny," at the top and bottom respectively, and Post Office at the left side and Mauritius at the right. The four penny error reads Post Office Port Louis, Mauritius. The one penny was orange and the twopence blue. The former to-day is listed at $20,000 unused, and $12,500 used, while the latter is worth $17,000 unused and $15,000 used. The following year two stamps of similar design but with the words "Post Paid" in the left side in place of "Post Office." The values were the same and the colors similar, although there are several varieties of each and the various impressions from the different printings. These varieties range from $150 unused for the most common up to $5,000 unused for the rarest, while used they run from $45 to $1,250. The twopence unused ranges from $400 to $6,000 and from $75 to $2,250. An error in spelling in the latter value occurred, the word pence being spelled "pense." In this case the stamp is worth from $2,000 to $10,000 unused and $125 to $3,000 used.

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TOTEMS ARE ROTTING

Deserted Indian Villages In Southeastern Alaska Islands.

The traditional totems of the Indians of Southeastern Alaska are being neglected as the white man's influence becomes more dominant, says a writer in the New York Times Magazine.

Abandoned by their people to the harsh blasts of winter and the intense heat of the August sun, big grotesque totem poles keep faithful watch over the sites of deserted villages tucked away among the thousand islands of Southeastern Alaska.

The yellow of their cedar bodies has weathered gray with age; mosses have begun to soften their hideous features with a green carpet; small shrubs find root in the rotting wood, while sandfleas carry on their work of destruction at the base.

To natives of another generation these great poles stood as symbols of family and tribal tradition. Of wars won and lost—great potlatches reflecting glory to the third generation of the giver.

They recorded the exploits of legendary heroes and man's proud claim to relationship to the mighty ones of the animal world. Standing guard before the community house, they boasted of the passerby of the power and prestige of their builders of his mother and his mother's mother — for descent was reckoned on the distaff side.

High on the potetop was placed the figure of honor—Raven or Eagle or Wolf, Whalekiller, or perhaps a human being—but always in grimacing eyes and mouths for every beholder to read appeared the family history.

Some of these poles are grave-markers, bearing in a cavity the ashes of a great chief; others are simply monuments to a person or a name now long forgotten. Following the potlatch, or feast of gifts, the poles were raised by invited guests at a solemn celebration, in which slaves were killed and thrown into the post-holes, and sonorous ritual speeches were exchanged between hosts and visitors.

The young Tlingits, Haidas and Tsimpseans of to-day have scant regard for the ritual of the old tradition. They are thoroughly Americanized. Their women formerly bobbed their hair as a sign of mourning; now they do it to be in style. Their men have replaced the old wooden halibut hooks and the bone arrowhead with gasoline schooner and high-power rifles. To the blare of expensive phonographs the latest foxtrot is danced, in place of the slightly wilder measures of two generations ago.

A respectable amount of fishing gear, traps and boats, and at least two canneries, are owned by these warriors of to-day, many of whom live in well-appointed modern, Indian-governed communities such as Metlakhatla and Klawack, whose high schools send out redoubtable trailing parties in the form of basketball and baseball teams. Some 800 of these Indians availed themselves of their franchise in the last territorial election.

Promiscuous spoliation of the totem poles by outside cities and museums was stopped by the Federal Government some time ago. Many of these poles are grave monuments and therefore may not be disturbed; many others are found in the abandoned villages of Hdwkan, Kasaan, Tongass and tTuxeken; a few are preserved in the National cemetery at Sitka.

Government officials are urging Congress to provide funds for the preservation of these monuments, which have been identified with Alaska in the memories of visitors.

Land-Settlement Scheme for N. B.

The Province of New Brunswick has entered into a land-settlement scheme with the Dominion Government and the Overseas Settlement Committee of the British Government, for the purpose of settling 500 British families on farm lands within the province, these placements extending over five years, or even six if necessary. Under this scheme the province buys the farms and sells them to the settlers at actual cost, payment being made over a period of twenty-five years. The British Government agrees to advance £300 to each family for stock and equipment, while the Dominion Government, with its ready organization in the British Isles and in Canada, receives the arrivals and gives them assistance. Applicants for them, gives them the necessary attercare and arranges the financing.

U. S. Farmers Get Less.

United States farmers receive about 15 cents a bushel less for their wheat than Canadian farmers, because of higher railway rates, according to Senator Brookhurst of Iowa, speaking at Washington.

Fire Losses.

Britain's national losses due to fire amounted to $35,000,000 in a recent year. In the same year fire did damage estimated at $535,000,000 in the United States.

Nose Undergoes No Change.

The nose is the only feature of the face that undergoes no change with the lapse of years. Next to the nose, the ears, as a rule, show fewest signs of old age.

Honey In Manitoba.

Manitoba produced in 1927 a total of 7,386,575 pounds of honey.

A GLORIOUS GOLDFISH.

Took Centuries of Patient Culture to Produce This Abnormal Variety.

For sheer stateliness, no fish can excel the glorious goldfish which swims slowly and serenely around my tank, writes A. E. Hodge, F.Z.S. It may be said to flutter rather than swim, "shivering" its huge, double, drooping tail like the peacock when displaying. It is as unlike the typical goldfish as a bulldog is unlike a greyhound, and it has taken centuries of patient culture on the part of the Japanese to produce this abnormal variety.

The tail—almost twice as long as the body—is of the most delicate texture and hangs in graceful folds like the train of an old-time court dress. The high and expansive back fin stands erect, like a sail, and the paired lower fins are extraordinarily long and pendant, whilst the body is deep and almost globular, with a strongly arched back.

The goldish "aristocrat" is what is known as scaleless, having such small and transparent scales as to be scarcely noticeable. The colors with which it is adorned, ranging from red, yellow, brown, and black to grey, lavender, and even blue, appear to be the work of some water-color artist.

It is one of a pair of prize fish, and as such receives all the respect due to it, living in a well-established aquarium, protected from extreme temperatures, and being fed on live "water fleas," tiny worms, and finely-crushed and scalded puppy-biscuit. From my pair I am hoping to be presented with a brood of youngsters, amongst which there may be some which will exceed their parents in excellence and be worth their weight in gold.

Air Mail Service.

A steady expansion of the air mail service is planned by the Post Office Department in connection with the Department of National Defence and private air concerns. In addition to the time-saving schemes already announced for getting westbound European mail to Montreal and Toronto, from Saint John and Halifax in winter, three or four other services are now in prospect.

First there will be a weekly service from Rimouski or Father Point to the north shore of the St. Lawrence river, to serve stations and villages now served only by dog trains —the planes for this service having capacity for 1,500 pounds of mail. The third service will be for Pelee Island in Lake Erie. A twice-monthly service to Anticosti Island is also planned.

Alberta's Forest Area.

The Forest area in Alberta comprises 25 per cent. of the total land area, according to a resume made by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The land area is given at 252,925 square miles, and the forest area comprises 64,650. The total softwood stand is given at 11,700,000,000 feet B.M. and hardwood at 5,200,000,000.

No Paint Will be Required.

No paint will ever be required in the new laboratory erected for Bristol University at a cost of £1,000,000. All the joinery is of teak, and bronze has been used for all the metal fittings.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

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Canadian National Hotel and Terminal at Halifax

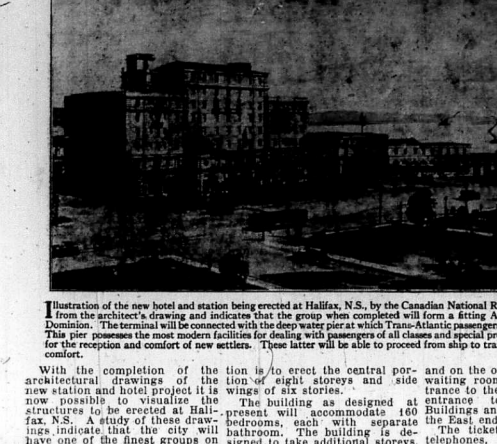

Illustration of the new hotel and station being erected at Halifax, N.S., by the Canadian National Railways. This is taken from the architect's drawing and indicates that the group will form a fitting Atlantic gateway to the Dominion. The terminal will be connected with the deep water pier at which Trans-Atlantic passengers will arrive and depart. This pier possesses the most modern facilities for dealing with passengers of all classes and special provision has been made for the reception and comfort of new settlers. These latter will be able to proceed from ship to train under shelter and in comfort.

With the completion of the architectural drawings of the new station and hotel project it is now possible to visualize the structures to be erected at Halifax, N.S. A study of these drawings indicate that the city will have one of the finest groups on the continent and one that will be a fitting Atlantic gateway to the Dominion. The location is particularly suited to good landscaping effects and full advantage has been taken of the opportunity to give the buildings a natural setting that very few city station groups possess.

The site is bounded on the North by South and Fawson streets, on the West by Barrington Street, and on the east by the harbor with the docks entering from the south as at present.

The landscaping plans call for the demolition of all the buildings on the block between Hollis and Barrington streets, and on the block will be laid out a small park, through which will run a wide, double pathway flanked by trees and centred on the axis of the hotel entrance, giving a wide open vista to the dignified buildings. The hotel front will be set back from the street line and the street widened, making a fine open approach and convenient thoroughfare for automobile and street car traffic.

The new station will be set back about 20 feet North of the present one and occupying the same relative position. The hotel adjoins with a connecting arcade and has its entrance front parallel with Hollis street. The portion of the site between the harbor front of the hotel and Marginal Road will be laid out in a formal type of garden architecture. It will include, immediately adjoining the hotel, a formal flower garden with paved walks and fountain and between this and Marginal Road there will be a sunken rose garden. The more utilitarian buildings adjoining the site will be effectively screened by trees and shrubbery. Special attention has been given to the question of parking, both for taxis and private cars and ample facilities conveniently provided.

The hotel will be 200 feet long by 112 wide, divided into a central portion. The present intention is to erect the central portion of eight storeys and side wings of six stories.

The building as designed at present will accommodate 160 bedrooms, each with separate bathroom. The building is designed to support additional storeys, which will give an ultimate capacity of 300 rooms with bathrooms.

On the ground floor the entrance lobby from Hollis Street to the foyer will be 110 feet by 40 feet and this wide entrance will also give access from the station. Three passenger elevators will provide convenient access to the upper floors.

The dining room will be on the central axis of the foyer. It will be 80 feet by 40 feet and its windows will overlook the harbor. To the right is the grill room, 38 feet by 72 feet, also overlooking the harbor. The lounge room to the left will be 50 feet by 45 feet, and at this section provision has been made for ladies' retiring room and space for concessions. From the ground floor a grand staircase leads to the ballroom floor.

On the first floor is situated the ballroom 40 feet by 80 feet, overlooking the harbor. To the left of the ballroom are situated ladies' and gentlemen's retiring rooms, and to the right three private dining rooms.

The building will be constructed of reinforced concrete and will be thoroughly fireproof throughout. The exterior walls will be faced with stone up to the level of the second floor. Above this the treatment will be in selected brick with stone trimming.

The station building, which is about 180 feet long and 100 feet wide, has been designed on the same style as the hotel and forms part of the same architectural group.

The dignified entrance portico will face on the new Terminal Square. Through this portico one enters a spacious lobby with natural resources exhibits on one side and entrance to the second floor offices on the other. This lobby leads directly to the concourse, a comfortable and well-lighted hall, 45 feet by 145 feet long. On one side of the concourse are the entrances to the tracks and baggage facilities, and on the other side the general waiting room and arcade entrance to the hotel. The covered platforms for the Emigration Buildings and the harbor is from the East end of the concourse.

The ticket offices, telegraph, telephones, news stands, baggage check rooms and other passenger facilities have all been conveniently planned so that confusion will be eliminated and the comfort of the passengers assured.

The general waiting room is 50 feet wide by 75 feet long and will have a dignified and pleasing architectural treatment in keeping with the interior architecture of the hotel. With its five large windows, it will command a beautiful outlook across the hotel grounds and gardens. The women's and men's waiting rooms and toilets are situated at one end of the general waiting room, the womens' room at the corner having the same pleasant outlook as the main waiting room. At the other end of the waiting room is the lunch room. Accessfrom the station to the hotel is from the concourse through an attractive arcade which has on one side a large display room for natural resources ; also a barber shop, with street and hotel entrances.

The extensive baggage, express and mail facilities are arranged along the west side of the tracks and parallel to them, and special consideration has been given to the layout of the approaches, to obviate congestion of traffic. The second floor of this building will be occupied by the various departmental offices, as it is the intention to house the present scattered offices here in one group.

Advantage is being taken of the difference in levels of the site to utilize the station basement as a garage for the accommodation of tourists cars. Part of the basement will also be used as the laundry for the hotel.

All the buildings will be of reinforced concrete construction and entirely fireproof throughout.

The entire scheme has been designed by John S. Archibald, Montreal, and John Schofield Canadian National Railways architect.

THE HUSBANDS PARADISE.

In China He Can Divorce Wife If She Talks Too Much.

Everything is different in the Flowery Land. John Chinaman begins his newspaper where we finish ours—at the end; he wears white for mourning, and generally reverses our order of things.

It is the same with love. He marries first and falls in love later on.

In China they have a saying: "Look after the family, and the nation will look after itself." The family unit is considered much more important than the love affairs of young people.

Until quite recently—and in many cases even now—John Chinaman and his pretty, shint-eyed bride meet for the first time when they are married.

The affair is arranged in this way. The parents of an eligible bachelor son look about until they find a girl who seems desirable as a daughter-in-law. A stately and discreet "go-between" then broaches the subject to the parents of the young lady concerned.

It is agreed that the young man is of good birth, eschews opium, and has ample means. The young lady is virtuous, sweet-tempered, and talented. So "the marriage is arranged."

The first the two young people hear of the matter is when their respective parents tell them that they are about to be wed.

A Britisher once remarked that this seemed a strange way of doing things. The Chinese friend replied:

"You put boiling water on the stove and let it cool; we put cold water on the fire and let it boil." By which he meant that while the ardor of courtship precedes marriage, while in China it is the other way round.

This system of marriage has been customary in China for thousands of years. Yet separations and divorces have been very rare exceptions.

Under the ancient law a Chinaman can divorce his wife for seven causes. Among these were thievish propensities, sanguinous temper, and talkativeness!

In the old days it was no uncommon thing for the actual Chinese marriage ceremony to last three days. Now most Chinese marriages are very simple, consisting of ceremonial bows all round and the signing of a certificate.

Here is an actual certificate:

T. L. K. of Chihli Province, and S. J. S. of Chekiang Province, having agreed to be married to each other, are to-day, the 28th day of June, 1925, united in wedlock before the witness T. Y. P. The affections of the two overflowing, and will continue though their hairs turn grey.

Custom forbids any outward show of affection between the sexes in China. But in private the Chinese are very affectionate. A Chinese lady, writing to her husband, said: "With every stroke of my brush I send to you a part of my heart."

They are also great lovers of their children. One popular Chinese legend tells of a husband who wanted to go out and make a fortune, while his wife wished to keep him at her side. He started out, but she pulled him back, saying:

"Some people want to be rich and grand; I only want to share my porridge with you. Above we have the heaven wave of the sky, below, the dear face of our little child."

Nowadays many Chinese parents allow their children to choose their own partners. But the right to choose for them exists, and no Chinaman would dream of marrying without the blessing of his family; nor would he reject any choice his father made for him.

Skyscrapers of Glass.

Glass skyscrapers for America is the prediction of William Orr Ludlow. New York architect and vice-president of the New York Building Congress. Mr. Ludlow proposes that glass shall take the place of stone in the construction of buildings, and visualizes skyscrapers scintillating with glass. The use of glass, he says, is the next logical step. There are joy, life, and health giving properties in glass structures, and structures that are steel framed but glass walled would be the next aesthetic opportunity offered in building with this material.

There is reported to be one wealthy man who even now is considering placing on his land on Broadway the first glass skyscraper in the world. He plans to utilize the amazing possibilities for advertizing at night, in place of the mere throwing of a switch shaft of color.

Glass shall take the place of stone in a new quartz glass which allows actinic or violet rays to pass through. He says that since many Americans spend perhaps half their waking lives or more behind glass, the value of a new quartz glass that will let the ultra violet rays through unhindered is obvious.

Their Colonel's Voice.

The issue of an army order at Aldershot, England, forbidding the appearance of dogs on parade recalls an awkward incident which is said to have occurred during the war. A battalion, which had acquired a ground for inspection by a visiting general. In front of the battalion stood the colonel of the kind known as a dugout and also a mascot in the shape of a Great Dane, was drawn up on the parade mascot in charge of a non-commissioned officer. Just as the general arrived on the scene the mascot so far forgot himself as to give two short barks. The battalion, thinking that it heard its master's voice, promptly formed fours.

Death by Poison.

In Greece poison was the favorite method of capital punishment and of suicide. Valerius Maximus relates that he saw a "woman of quality in the island of Ceos who, having lived happily for ninety years, obtained leave to take a poisonous draft lest by living longer she should happen to have a change in her good fortune."

The Gold Louis.

The French coin known as the louis d'or was first struck in 1641 under Louis XIII. While it has not been coined since 1795, since the execution of Louis XVI., the name is often given to the twenty franc piece, or gold napoleon. While the value of the louis fluctuated, it may be roughly estimated as about $5 of United States money.—Indianapolis News.

Tying the Knot.

"Tying the knot" is more than a phrase among the Hindus. The bridegroom in Hindustan hangs a ribbon around the bride's neck and ties a knot in the end. Which seals his fate. Should the young lady's father decide that he is parting with the bride too cheaply he may forbid the tying ceremony, but once the ribbon is knotted the bridegroom has no escape.

Excuses Unnecessary.

"Does your husband ever tell you when he stays out late at night that it was because somebody gave an interesting talk at the club?"

"No."

"How interesting! Doesn't he ever give you any excuse at all or make an explanation?"

"Never. He works on a morning newspaper."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

The Killing of Poets.

Poets that can be killed by the ridicule of those who do not understand them are better dead, and they have never succeeded in saving their lives by their explanations. The world will never kill a poet because he is an anagist or a vers libriste, but there is one thing that it surely will do—it will kill an imagist or a vers libriste because he is not a poet.—New Republic.

Properly Charged.

Two women were discussing their marital troubles, when one asked, "By the way, what is your husband doing now?"

"Oh," said the other, "he's a-settin' round tellin' what's goin' to happen next election."

"Then he's a prophet?"

"No, he ain't. So far as this family is concerned, he's a dead loss."

CAPITAL OF ICELAND

Reykjavik Is to Be the Western Terminus of Country's Railway.

Reykjavik, which will be the western terminus of Iceland's first railroad, is the capital and metropolis of Iceland.

Like many other Iceland settlements, it was founded by two Norwegians, Ingolf and Hjorleif, two Norwegian chiefs who refused to recognize Harold Haarfager, Norway's first king, settled on Iceland's southern shore in 871, reports the National Geographic society. Shortly afterward settlements of hardy Scandinavians sprang up rapidly as the splendid fishing grounds in the vicinity became known in Europe.

For centuries the capital was a small fishing village and trading post. As commerce developed its spacious, well-protected harbor became a popular anchorage for commercial vessels, and the city has grown steadily ever since. Perhaps it would have grown more rapidly had Iceland not been misnamed. The warm currents of the Gulf Stream which surround Iceland bar the southern advance of the ice packs that are to be found just beyond the northern coast, and the climate is not as cold as that of Nome, Alaska, which is in the same latitude.

As the traveller enters the harbor he feels that he suspects that the city has been the capital of Iceland since 1800, and for many years the Icelandic seat of learning. Everything appears to have a commercial aspect. The harbor is a parade ground for dingy, weather-beaten, commercial and fishing craft, the quays are lined unattractive warehouses, and portions of the shore near by are white with codfish that the islanders put out each day to dry.

Once in town, however, the picture changes. More than one-fifth of Iceland's 94,000 inhabitants live in the gaily-painted, wooden and corrugated iron houses that border wide streets. American automobiles are slowly taking the place of the little Iceland horses that not long ago had only wheel-barrows as their competitors in the transportation field.

The show place of the capital is the Asturvollura, the city square. Here in the centre of a grassy plot, rises the statue of Thorvaldsen, the Icelandic sculptor, which was presented to the Icelanders by the city of Copenhagen in 1874.

Overlooking the square is the huge stone house where the Althing, which corresponds to our Parliament, meets every two years, and the Reykjavik Cathedral, a stone structure with a wooden tower, which was built in 1847. The edifice is about as large as a parish church of this country.

The buildings of the Iceland University, which was established in 1911, the museum and the library are in the eastern portion of the capital. The museum contains Icelandic antiquities and objects of industrial art. There are specimens of carved furniture, woven tapestries and richly-bound specimens of printing. The library contains more than 80,000 volumes and manuscripts.

One of the most interesting sights in Reykjavik is the public laundry. Iceland has many geysers and hot springs, and the housewifes of the capital make free use of one that is a short distance from the city. Here 30 to 40 women may be seen, their heads covered with bright colored handkerchiefs and shawls, doing their weekly wash. As they wash they chatter in the oldest modern language in Europe, the Nordic tongue that the Norwegian settlers took there in the ninth century.

What Is a Mirage.

Really mirage and mirror have a meaning—a seeing or reflecting; and what we call a mirage is due to a double reflection of objects far distant.

When we poke a stick half into water and see it apparently bent, we have the general principle of a mirage, an optical illusion due to variations in the make-up of the light-bearing medium. Half our stick is in water which throws out light at one angle, and half is in air which throws it at another, and so we get our "bend."

In the case of a mirage, air is the only medium, but with different densities of temperature we are still getting different angles of light in it. In a desert, where mirages most often appear, the sand is enormously heated by the sun and in turn heats the air immediately above it, while there is a cooler air layer higher up.

When, therefore, we look over the desert at an object a long way off, we are really gazing through two quite distinct densities of atmosphere, and we get a sort of bending of the vision. The result is that we see the sky reflected upside-down in the sand, looking like a lake, or we may see a distant oasis reflected so that it appears quite close at hand.

Not Edible.

An amusing story is told by Earl Jellicoe concerning a distinguished Italian naval officer who was a guest in the ward room of a certain British battleship. At lunch the steward offered him rice pudding, naming the dish in deference to the guest's limited knowledge of English foods. But the gallant officer rejected the proffered helping with every sign of disgust.

"What's wrong, captain?" asked one of his hosts. "It's only rice pudding, which, I admit, is interesting."

"No doubt," was the answer. "But in Italy, you see, we do not eat vermin?"

A chorus of surprise: "Rice—vermin?"

"Si, si. I know enough English for sat. Mouse, plural mice; rat, plural rice. I no eat rats, sank you!"

N. Y. Chain Drug Stores.

The chain drug stores of five or more outlets did $16,400,000 business in New York city last year.

Railway Track In Britain.

There is enough railway track in Great Britain to go twice round the world.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

PAVLOVA'S RISE TO FAME

WAS TRAINED AT THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL DANCING SCHOOL.

Theodore Stein's Book Gives an Interesting Account of Anna's Life —Has Danced Round the World—Is Outspoken.

A certain social climber once announced to all and sundry that a very famous dancer, whom she named, was to dance at her forthcoming party. This annoyed the dancer, particularly as she had not been approached on the subject.

At the woman's request, she went to her house to discuss the little matter of her fee, and as she sat in an ornate chair in an ornate room, she noticed that the social aspirant herself was ornate and richly upholstered, fat and diamond-bedecked. She ventured to guess that her friends might be the same. So she said: "Five hundred pounds."

"B-but—" began the climber.

"But," resumed the dancer, "I will reduce my fee to three hundred pounds, if you will insist upon my sitting with your friends at supper!"

The deal was "off."

The famous dancer was Anna Pavlova, and her interesting life story is the book "With Pavlova Round the World," by Theodore Stein. The late Mr. Stier was Mme. Pavlova's musical director on a commercial aspect.

Pavlova's father died when she was two years old, and the remainder of her very early years were days of struggle and poverty until, at the age of eight, she watched her first ballet. Soon she was selected as a pupil for the Russian Imperial School of Dancing, maintained at an annual cost of two million roubles by the late Czar Nicholas. At sixteen she joined the corps de Ballet of the Opera House, St. Petersburg, and won fame both there and in Moscow.

At Stockholm, on the occasion of her debut there, her carriage was pulled through the streets by a wildly enthusiastic mob. She was summoned to the Royal Palace and presented by the King with the gold medal for Art and Sciences. In Berlin, and again in Paris, the enthusiasm for the Russian ballerina at last had been the case in Sweden. Then she came to London.

She went to see an agent, was kept waiting a long time in the crowded waiting-room, and finally summoned to his presence. The following conversation took place:

Agent (curtly): "Well, miss, what can I do for you?"

Pavlova: "I am Mme. Pavlova."

Agent: "You don't say! What it you do?"

Pavlova (patiently): "I am Anna Pavlova."

Agent: "That means nothing in my artistic life. What do you do? Act, sing, or dance?"

Pavlova (still more patiently): "I dance."

Agent (brightly): "You dance, do you? All right, drop in to-morrow morning about eleven and bring your tights and shoes."

Mr. Stier adds that Pavlova chose one of the lesser theatrical agents before whom to state her case; and wrote the following day:

She made her debut at the house of Lady Londesborough, in the presence of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and in May, 1910, the girl who had such a little time before battered in vain at the door of a third-rate agent became the busy darling of Sir Alfred Butt for nine performances a week over three months at the Palace Theatre, and described as the "greatest and the two greatest living artistes on the stage."

Speaking of her first night at the Palace, Pavlova says: "I am in a queer thing, and the whirligig of time more curious still. Just as I myself had waited in the cold for Duse in St. Petersburg, and had failed to get in touch me as she passed, so a woman rushed out from that first night crowd and asked me to touch her dress. I shall remember ever having been so greatly moved."

A dancing teacher in a small town in the United States once managed to invite Pavlova to a display by her pupils in the hope that the famous dancer might say a word or two of praise that would be useful to the young students, and put her prices up. Pavlova only went because there was no way of getting out of it, the woman having arranged all that. At the end of a bleak half-hour of dancing as it is not done, Pavlova stood up.

"Here there is no talent, and a method which is wholly wrong," she said. "Where is the teacher?"

That cowering mortal came forward. Pavlova continued:—

"I consider it utterly disgraceful that you ever should have presumed to teach dancing. You are incompetent, and you have no right to be letting years of these children's lives and now will someone please conduct me to my car?"

One is surprised to find a Bernard Shaw story in this book. Ellen Terry was rehearsing a Shaw play, and the author was standing in the wings. Someone said to him: "Is Miss Terry speaking the lines as you wrote them?"

Shaw, greatly impressed, replied: "No; he is speaking the lines as I ought to have written them."

Get Heat from Water Main.

Hot water and central heating are to be distributed like gas and electric current by the Paris municipal council. Recently that body decided to instal a special distribution station for hot water and central heating on an old factory site in the east of Paris.

The people show an inclination to avail themselves of this public utility service other distribution stations will be inaugurated in the western and southern suburbs.

Curious Courtship.

In the strange land of the Tarascan Indians in Mexico the visitor, after attaining something of a friendly footing, may still witness some of the equally strange practices which the first Spaniards observed. In courting the lover goes to the well where his beloved is accustomed to fill her water jar. He holds her shawl until she accepts him, and then with a stick he breaks the jar which she holds on her head and gives her a betrothal baptism of water.

CULT OF NAKEDNESS

Two Hundred Thousand Men and Women Go "Nature" for Their Health.

Official Germany has given its blessing to the "Friends of Light and Nature" (Licht und Natur Freunde), who are pledged "on suitable occasions and in suitable localities" to preach and practice clotheslessness of the golden age, says a writer in the London Evening Standard.

The association has a membership of some 200,000 men and women, and with the sanction of the German Home Office and the approval of the Ministry of Health, branches have rented waste tracts of lake and riverside land in various localities throughout the fatherland.

Here they have enclosed special reserves wherein members may discard all clothing and expose their bodies freely to the action of sun and air. The wide heather-covered expanse of the Luneburg Downs and portals lonely stretches of beach and woodland on the Baltic coast have been selected as peculiarly suitable for the practice of the cult. Here numerous hostels and shelters have been built for the accommodation of the Friends of Light and their families.

On the eastern edge of the downs, at Glusingen, not far from the old Hanse town of Luneburg, a special summer camp was opened last May, where boys and girls of all ages are educated together according to the tenets of the new "naked culture."

"It is a most difficult thing," says the prospectus, "our young people have during the first term of the school's existence become accustomed to early rising, to plain vegetarian diet, and the wearing of light, bright-colored clothing with frequent exercises in sports, dancing, and bathing in the open air."

The aims of the movement were explained to me by Dr. Morenhoven, who represented the league for free physical culture.

"You must not run away with the idea," he said, "that there is anything in the least degree anti-social about the movement. Far from it. Our members, men and women alike, are leading, kept on breaking down the unwholesome barrier of distrust that the cant of clothes has set up between the sexes.

"Naturally we have to take great care to exclude undesirable elements from our ranks. Any one wishing to become a member of the league has first to pay a personal visit to one of our branch secretaries, within whose discretion it then lies whether he or she be admitted to probationary membership.

"Kallinchen, a little village about twenty miles from Berlin, has suddenly been lifted out of its rustic obscurity owing to its convenient proximity to Lake Motzen, whose frigid banks have been turned into an enticing Garden of Eden for the use of the Berlin branches of the league.

Each branch has its own reserve. On entering one of these enclosures I found the adepts, men and women alike, wearing no clothing of any description, although it was the end of October, and there was a decided nip in the air. Some were busily digging in the sand, throwing up earthworks, apparently with the object of obtaining protection from the wind. Others were playing with a "medicine ball." Three or four hardy spirits were bathing in the lake.

The accommodation and sanitation are not confined to remote country spots or even to the open air. The great Luna Park indoor swimming baths just in the fashionable Kurfurstendamm, in the west end of Berlin, are reserved on Saturday mornings from 7 to 9 for the use of members of the league.

I paid a visit to these baths last Saturday, and found in the large pool, famous for its artificially produced waves, which break on a beach of white glazed tiles, some sixty men and women of all ages bathing without costume except for the officially authorized bathing cap for women. Upstairs on the roomy balcony an earnest circle was occupied with Swedish drill—that perfect worship of a sun-bronzed athlete wearing spectacles.

Various small parties, some quite naked, others in bathing dress, sat at little tables in the restaurant that runs round three sides of the swimming pool, while waiters, dressed as usual, served them with coffee, rolls, and eggs.

Insanity Is Not New.

Insanity is no new theme, declares Sir Frederick Mott, famous as a specialist in mental diseases, in a lecture at Gresham College, London, recently.

It was recognized by the Egyptian priesthood 2,000 years ago, and in the 1st Book of Samuel it would be found that King David knew what it was.

Nebuchadnezzar suffered from lycanthrophy (a form of insanity in which the patient imagines himself a wolf or some other animal), but after seven years of this, insanity he recovered and was restored to the throne of his kingdom.

Sir Robert said the brain of man was very highly convoluted and contained nine thousand millions of neurons. Asylum improving, the condition was improving, and he would eventually arrive at a high state of perfection. In the brain of man there was an infite capacity for further knowledge.

Noted Buildings.

Among the most famous buildings of the world are the Parthenon at Athens; the Pyramids, Egypt; the Taj Mahal, near Agra, India; the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris; the Cathedral of Milan, Italy; the Cathedral of Cologne, Germany; Westminster Abbey, England.

According to the latest census now completed, the population of Mexico is 14,234,780.

The Orchid.

The orchid is a peculiar plant, for, strange as it may seem, there is no distinctively orchid odor. One smells like the violet, others like the rose, the hyacinth, the daffodil. Orchids are the monkeys, the mimics of the vegetable world, in odor as well as form and tint. No other flower resembles an orchid, but orchids are forever aping butterflies, pansies, roots, spiders, pitch plants, birds and what not. And they are not absolutely certain to look just the same twice in succession.

KNITTING IN SHETLAND ISLES

Hosiery Trade Carried on While Tending Flocks.

The hosiery trade, as the knitting industry in Shetland is called, is a cottage industry carried on by the industrious women and girls of Shetland, and the Fair Isle, they knit continually, writes an Edinburgh correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, when driving the cattle to the hills, tending the flocks, or bringing home on their backs the "kishies" or straw baskets of peat. The comfortable jumpers and sweaters, the beautiful scarfs and lace shawls, the delightful articles of baby wear are made of the wool of the Shetland sheep, a small, but hardy little animal, peculiar to these isles no such fine wool is to be obtained from any other breed of European sheep.

Instead of shearing the flocks a process called "rooin" is employed. The wool is pulled out about the beginning of June, when it is ready to fall off. After the wool has been taken from the sheep's back it has to be "teased," that is, pulled out of tangles and straightened by hand, then it is carded or combed out by two leathered-covered boards set with wire teeth, a process of work that is then ready for the spinning wheel, and after it has been spun it is "reeled," or made into long hanks, and lastly it is washed and dried. After that it is knitted.

Of late years some of the wool has been sent to the mills in the mills of southern Scotland, but the handspun garments carry off the palm, the irregularity of the spinning adding to the effect. Many of the Shetland designs are very numerous and many of them have delightful names, among which may be mentioned the Drive, the Wave, the Shell, the Cross and Eye, the Diamond, the Puzzle, the Leaf, the Bud, the Eyelet and the Acre.

Quite lately, Shetland garments were made exclusively of the natural undyed shades of the wool, dark brown, gray, white, moorit, and shaela. Moorit is a fawn color and shaela a dark gray. These are skilfully combined and produce a very pretty effect. Recently the demand for bright colors has been met, and now the garments can be obtained in many artistic shades, or in natural shades with colored borders.

The designs on the Fair Isle garments are very different in character from those of the Shetland Isles, and colors have always been employed in the work. The colors are obtained from native dyes, from lichens, and certain plants and roots found on the Fair Isle land. The history of the Fair Isle patterns is a very romantic one.

In the year 1588, sixty Spanish ships of the Great Armada, flying from the victorious English, went up the east coasts of England and Scotland up make their way back to Spain round by the north of the Orkneys. The farther north they went, the worse became the weather; the vessels which had so far kept together, among them the Florida Grifon, commanded by Don Juan Gomez de Medina, was wrecked on the Fair Isle. He himself and 200 of those on board got ashore and spent the winter there, till, all the provisions on the island having been consumed, a small boat was sent to Shetland, and they were rescued. Being well acquainted with the distress of his tenantry. He instantly went in his own ship to the Fair Isle and took off the Spaniards, and a few weeks later carried them all to Dunkirk whence they made their way home to Spain.

As the Fair Isle patterns are distinctly Spanish in character, it seems evident that the islanders must have copied them from the wooden garments of the Spaniards, or been taught these patterns by them.

The golden anchor on a blue ground is reminiscent of the coat of arms bestowed on Christopher Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella. In his case there were five golden anchors on a blue field. Then the cross, the S. Andrew's Cross and the star, which appears in so many of the designs are plainly religious emblems and are often used as decorations in the Island, especially of southern Spain. The fact of the wreck of El Gran Grifon on the Fair Isle is vouched for by Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's minister. His notes on this subject may be seen to-day in the British Museum in an authentic list of the ships of the Armada, which was printed in Lisbon before the start of the expedition.

Our Wool Improves.

Canadian wool has vastly improved during the last ten years and in many respects is the equal of that grown anywhere in the world, says P. E. Lathe of the National Research Council. Mr. Lathe believes the improvement to be due largely to the work of the Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture, the Agricultural Colleges and the co-operative wool growers and other wool clubs. Not only has got cleaner but better quality but yield per sheep has increased, he said.

What Is Port Wine?

Only a few years ago the answer would have been that port was a type of wine produced in Portugal, France, the north of Spain, Australia and the Cape of Good Hope.

Originally it was made from grapes grown in the district of Oporto, in Portugal, and, similar vineyards being afterwards cultivated in other parts, the term "Port" was generally applied to all such products. Now, however, the word can only rightly be used for Oporto wine, the growers and merchants there having taken steps in the law courts to confine the term "Port" to the product of their vines. All others of the type grown outside a particular area must therefore be described as "of Port character," or something of that nature.

A Talent of Gold.

A Hebrew talent of gold was equal to about $33,500, and a talent of silver to $2,300.

GOVERNMENT.

Government is not reason; it is not eloquence; it is force! Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master. Never for the moment should it be left irresponsible action. — George Washington.

END OF THE YEAR VALUES AT C. D. S. L.

New Prices Effective for Friday - Saturday

21 only
Women's and Misses' Silk Dresses
To Clear at $13.95 each

Regular prices ranged from $17.50 to $22.50 each

Dresses that are just right for winter afternoons. New styles, fascinating colors—the kind of dress you'll simply wear and wear. Dresses are all comparatively new and are becomingly fashioned from Flat Crepe, Satin Crepe and Georgette. Color range includes the new shades of Queen Blue, Marron Glace, Beige, Sand, Navy and Black. Sizes range from 16 to 40.

12 only
Fur-trimmed Winter Coats
To Clear at $14.95 each

Original Prices were $19.50 and $24.50 each

Coats come attractively fashioned from such popular and dependable materials as Velours, Duvetyns and Pin-Points, in heavy winter weight qualities. Each garment comes lined and inter-lined throughout. Collars and cuffs are of Thibetine and Mandel. This is the lowest that coats of this calibre will be offered by us this season. Good assortment of sizes.

47 Misses' Sport Dresses on Sale
In Three New Price Groups

Women who like plenty of sport clothes in their wardrobes, should revel in this splendid opportunity to purchase smart new dresses at saving prices. Dresses are of Wool Crepe, Wool Jersey, Silk and Wool materials. Both one and two piece styles are featured. Many two-toned ensemble effects are included. The color range exposes all of the new winter tones of Wine, Green, Brown, Sand, Red and Rosewood.

Regular $20.00, $21.50, $22.50 lines for $14.95.
Regular $15.00, $16.95, $18.95 lines for $10.95.
Regular $12.50, $12.95, $13.95 lines for $8.95.

32 Fur-trimmed Winter Coats
To Clear at the Actual Cost of Manufacture

Every coat is generously fur-trimmed, every coat is new in style and ornamentation, every coat is lined and inter-lined. Materials are Suedines, Duvetyns, Pinpoints. Colors are Wine, Castor, Grey, Green, Navy, Black. Fur trimmings are Thibetine, Wolf andOposSum.

Regular $29.50 values for $19.67.
Regular $32.50 values for $21.67.
Regular $37.50 values for $25.00.
Regular $39.50 values for $26.34.
Regular $46.50 values for $31.00.
Regular $49.50 values for $33.00.

Eleven Men's and Young Men's Ulsters, all sizes

Specially Priced for Friday and Saturday

Regular $35.00 Coats for $27.00
Regular $30.00 Coats for $22.00

Are you a shrewd investor? Do you place your money where it brings home the best returns? Don't say afterwards—If I had only known—We are telling you now these Coats are rare investments. They represent real money savings as high as $8.00 per. The coats themselves are good—the quality, the models, the workmanship. Both belted and unbelted styles. All are in Tweed materials and inFawn, Brown and Green colorings.

Reductions Prevail in Misses' Heavy Sport Pullover Sweaters

Just the correct sweaters to wear skating, snow-shoeing, skiing or at any winter sport.

These are knit from all wool yarns that possess a soft and comfy feeling. Sweaters are particularly strong and sturdy. Biggest assortment in White. Several are in Camel, but all are generously reduced.

50 Winter Felt Hats to Clear at 97c.

Original $3.50 to $4.95 values

This is a splendid opportunity for women and girls to start the New Year with a new hat. These felts revel in smart lines, in effective trimmings and in bright, cheery colorings.

Several felt and velvet combinations are also included. On the average, your savings are $3.00 per hat. At least nine good colors in this assortment.

Many Lines of Toys and Gift Novelties
On Sale at Half Price

If you have still gifts to buy for New Year's, here's the place to come, as we have made half price reductions on numerous lines of gift merchandise. As many lines as possible must be cleared before stock-taking. While no lines are complete, yet the assortments are unusually varied, and interesting.

"The Season's Greetings to You"

"Through all the highways and byways of the New Year
May you find success at every turning."

Canadian Department Stores Limited

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. E. R. Sills is quite ill and confined to his bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford spent Christmas in London, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Skitch spent Christmas in Cobourg.

Mr. Wallace Roy was home from Toronto for Christmas.

Mr. C. W. Bowen spent Christmas with his daughter in Oshawa.

Mr. Clarence Wine, Detroit, spent Christmas at his home here.

Mr. Herman Douglas Oshawa, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas.

Mr. Roy Wales, Detroit, Mich., is spending a couple of weeks with his mother, Mrs. G. Garrison.

Misses Laura and Edna Vankoughnett, Toronto, spent Christmas with their aunt, Miss Emma Vanalstyne, Centre street.

Messrs. Bruce and Orval Madden, and Mrs. Best and Miss Lillie Madden, Toronto, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Madden.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. VanAlstyne spent Christmas with her parents at Roblin.

Mr. and Mrs. Miggs, Windsor, and Mrs. Davy, Belleville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Briggs, Toronto, spent Christmas with her mother, South Napanee.

Mrs. Perry Detlor is visiting her son, Mr. Morley Detlor, Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bartlett, Toronto, Miss Elizabeth Waller, New York, and Miss Tillie Waller, Toronto, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Waller.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Vanalstyne and family Toronto, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Vanalstyne.

Mr. Kenneth Shaver, Toronto, spent Christmas with his sister Mrs. R. S. Ham.

Miss Dorcas Randall is spending the Christmas recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Randall, Thomas street.

Miss Muriel Dean is spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. John W. Hambly and Miss Olive Hambly are spending the Christmas holidays with Dr. and Mrs. Hollis, Toronto.

Miss Marion Wales, of Chesley, is spending the Christmas recess with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Vanalstine and Master Douglas are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Vanalstine.

Mr. Lester Rogers, Detroit, Mich., spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rogers, Belleville Road.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McKeown and family and Mrs. W. H. McCracken and family spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lasher, Roblin.

Miss Nellie Laird, Montreal, spent Christmas in town with her parents.

Mrs. Geo. Thompson and Mr. Beverley Thompson spent Christmas with relatives in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and daughter, Alice, and Mr. and Mrs. Shorey, Acton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Anderson for Christmas.

Mr. Douglas and Miss Marjorie Doller, Toronto, were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doller, for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter King spent the holidays with their daughter in Hamilton.

Mrs. M. P. Husband, Empey Hill, spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Mill street.

Mr. Arthur Fennell, Toronto, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Alpine Woods.

Miss Muriel Paul, Hamilton, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul.

Rev. and Mrs. Truscott, West Huntington, are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Robinson, Whitby, are guests of Miss Bryers.

Miss Muriel Shannon, Toronto, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mr. Avery Brown, New York State, is visiting his father, Mr. E. W. Brown.

Master Bill Daly is home from Kingston to spend the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Mrs. Hugh Box, son and daughter are spending a couple of weeks with her mother in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ross, Belleville, and Cadet Ted Benjamin, R.M.C., Kingston, spent Christmas with Mrs. Benjamin.

Mr. Jack Adams, Detroit, spent Christmas with Mrs. Adams at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ming, Ottawa, spent Christmas with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ming and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parrott, Belleville, spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. J. M. Parrott.

Mr. Allan Walters, Toronto, is spending two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Walters.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Woodger, Port Dover, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Woodger for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Wagar, Brantford, are spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs Johnston Wagar.

Mr. Beverley Simpson, Toronto, is the guest of Mr and Mrs. J. M. Simpson.

Mrs. W. E. Powell and family spent Christmas with friends in Cobourg.

Mr. and Mrs Robt. Rennie, Detroit, Mich., are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McCabe, Hay Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Mills, Oshawa, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Mills, Morven.

Miss Mildred Perry, Toronto, spent Christmas with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Perry.

Mr. Clarence Scott, Walkerville, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Scott.

Messrs. Earl and Kenneth Penny, Syracuse, N.Y., are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents at Empey Hill.

Mr. Willis Kimmerly, Syracuse, N.Y., is visiting his parents at Empey Hill.

Mr. Harold Tullock, Syracuse, N.Y., is spending the Christmas recess with his parents at Empey Hill.

Mrs. Fred York, Bridge street, spent Christmas with her brother Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, Tamworth.

Capt. Hughson is confined to the house with an attack of la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Walsh are spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Perry.

Mrs. Morden and Miss Georgia Daly entertained a large number of their friends at the Paisley House on Monday evening, a very delightful dance being held.

MARRIAGES

MacKenzie—Holmes—At Napanee, on Thursday, Dec. 22nd, 1927, by Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Minnie Fay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holmes, to Mr. Gordon C. MacKenzie, of Cardinal.

DEATHS

Dunlap—At Napanee, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harry Scott, on Tuesday, Dec. 27th, 1927, George Dunlap, aged 72 years, 4 months, 19 days.

Jarvis — At Richmond, on Thursday, Dec. 22nd, 1927, Jessie Anne Jarvis, aged 49 years, 11 months, 16 days.

Lake—At Yarker, on Saturday, Dec. 17th, 1927, Malissa Lake, aged 81 years.

Pursued by Imported Articles.

Even in death the Irish farmer is pursued by imported articles, the health superintendent at Carrick-on-Shannon said in a report, which added: "He is washed with British soap, shaved with a German razor, clothed in a Manchester shroud. Crucifix and rosary from Italy are placed in his hands. His coffin is of Norwegian fir. Its mountings are either Cornish tin or German nickle. He is lowered into his grave by a rope from India. Finally earth is shovelled over him with a Canadian spade."

Towns Gobbling Up Rural England.

Towns are gobbling up rural areas in England. Everywhere red brick villas are springing up in meadows and country lanes. Lord Hindlip recently estimated that the amount of arable land forfeited every year to urban development was about 100,000 acres.

The Ancient Capital.

There are 131,071 persons resident in the Ancient Capital.

Finest Public Gardens.

Halifax, N.S., has the finest public gardens in America.

Vote for A. S. Hughson for Councillor for 1928.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

The skating rink opened for the season on Monday evening, under the management of Mr. Dillenbeck.

Wonderland theatre put on a free Christmas show for children on Monday afternoon and Mr. Tustin had hundreds of little guests.

Mr. Jas. A. Pringle was the winner of the large candy cane given away by The Robins Candy Store. Mr. Pringle made the nearest guess to the correct weight.

A bean contest which has been running for some weeks at Mr. Wm. Davis, butcher shop, was brought to a close on Saturday. Mr. Fox being declared the winner and thereby being the recipient of a very fine turkey.

Mrs. G. S. Reid, wife of Mr. G. S. Reid, Registrar, received a very handsome present last week, it being a cheque for $350.00 from the Toronto Mail and Empire. In the "Constantinople" contest, which has been conducted by that paper and which recently came to a close, Mrs. Reid was awarded third prize, hence the handsome cheque.

With the usual splendid collection of stories and articles on hunting, fishing and outdoor life, ROD AND GUN AND CANADIAN SILVER FOX NEWS makes a good entry into the new year with a fine issue for January, 1928.

Several stirring stories of fiction and fact of great interest to all outdoors men augment the usual special features of the departments dealing with angling, shooting, trapping, dogs and woodcraft. There is also the first of an informative series of articles dealing with the Rainy Lake district situation and Major Allan Brooks contributes another splendid cover painting.

The Canadian Silver Fox News section contains a full report of the big fox show at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, and many other interesting features relative to the industry.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

$25,000 Gramophone Record.

A gramophone record made by Chaliapin for "His Master's Voice," is said to be the most costly ever produced. The record contains the "Farewell of Boris" and the "Death of Boris," from the opera "Boris Godounow." More than $25,000 was spent on the recording of one side alone. Dozens of test records were made before the record was finally approved.

London Expanding.

A new town, to be known as St. Heller's, is to be built on the outskirts of London at a cost of $5,000,000. Work will start early in the new year. Fifty thousand new houses are wanted, and this scheme by the London County Council will provide 9,000 houses, with accommodation for about 50,000 people.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," rang the Christmas bells! And with their music was mingled the prayers of thinking men and women who shrink with horror from another war, and ask God with full hearts that wars may cease throughout all the land. "Think Peace," said H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in his first public speech in England after his return from Canada, where he opened the International Peace Bridge at Niagara Falls. Peace in the world—through brotherhood, is the ideal that the League of Nations keeps before the representatives of the nations and the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches sent out a call for prayer on Armistice Day, and Canadian churches on the Sunday before Christmas to turn the thoughts of the people who gathered to worship the Prince of Peace upon His birthday, to the need of that peace which the world cannot give. We say "Keep the Christmas spirit throughout the year." Let the spirit of Peace be the dominant note of that Christmas spirit.

Ontario, especially Eastern Ontario, should be very proud of that lover of birds and poet, whose home is in Belleville, who has just brought out a delightful volume of verses on the bird life of Canada, published by The Copperson Press, Toronto. He calls it "The Quill and the Candle," as the verses were written by his mother by candle light, with a pen made from the quill of the Wa-Wa, or Canadian Goose. The author is Wallace Havelock Robb who has for his friend and supporter H.R.H. the Prince of Wales who has authorized the introduction. The Prince was interested in Mr. Robb's work in 1924 and the poet met him again in 1927. The very beautiful illustrations are from photographs of the original water-color paintings by Major Allan Brooks, D.S.O., in the Wallace Havelock Robb collection of pictures of Canadian Birds now in the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, Toronto, and from photographs by the author. The frontispiece is "Rossignol," showing our familiar song-sparrow with three little spots on his breast, sitting in a hollow in a tree, and preparing to sing as we, in Ontario, can hear him from April through the summer. The picture from which the cut was made was the same as one accepted by the Prince of Wales. The story of the birds in prose and verse is told with understanding and charm. Those who have heard the white-throated Canada bird call here in spring and the autumn or among the Gatineau hills or in Muskoka in the summer days, will read his verse to this gay little songster with appreciation. Nine familiar birds are illustrated and the story of others told so that even those who do not know them by name will reognize them. The Belleville Ontario had in the office for a few days the presentation copy of "Quill and Candle," bound in green suede and tooled with gold, that the Prince of Wales will have received by this time to bring Canada and her birds to his memory at Christmastide.

Canada had her largest mail this Christmas. If you haven't remembered the man you have been most anxious to see, for whom you waited every day during the Christmas season, the postman, do it now. He won't be so welcome next week when he brings the New Year's bills.

After the New Year we will again begin to plan as to how best the women readers of this column can make a regular income out of the tourists who will visit us next summer. There is talk of a new highway for those that want a shorter way to Ottawa from Toronto. When it comes it will bring the tourist market to another section of the country. We discussed the matter of the revival of patchwork quilts of dainty design and coloring and now we read that Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, the wife of the President of the United states, has been knitting quilts, which she and her friends value highly. She is setting the fashion and next summer the tourists will buy knitted quilts.

It is said that fashions return and the many evening frocks with trained skirts and long draperies noticed this year seem to confirm the idea as well as the fact that is quite undeniable now, that the younger girls are letting their hair grow. For the last few years the old games we used to play at Christmas parties have been all the vogue. A peanut hunt to wind up with is good fun. But a word of warning—don't forget that you hostess cares for her furniture and her ornaments and don't count her say the next day, "Well, it was fun for my guests, no doubt, but it isn't much fun for me." You can have just as much fun while you are behaving like ladies and gentlemen, as if you carry the "rough house" idea to extremes.

Don't throw away your pretty boxes or your cards. The boxes will do as well next year and after you have made a list of your cards cut the name off or paste paper on the back and keep them too. This year a box went to the north with all the gifts tagged with last year's cards. A penny saved is a penny gained.

Here is a nice salad for the holiday party. 1 package of dates, ¼ pound cream cheese, 1 cup of pears, ¼ cup of finely chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon of candied ginger. Wash the dates and drain them well, stuff them with cream cheese and add a tiny bit of ginger, roll each date with chopped nuts sprinkled with pulverized sugar. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on salad plates and put half a pear or two if small, and a few dates on the leaf and serve with mayonaise dressing. If you do not like ginger, use cherries.

And for a meat dish try this. Soak one tablespoon of granulated gelatine in ¼ cup of cold water for 5 minutes. Dissolve in ½ cup of hot water and let cool. Add 2 cups of chopped, cold ham or one of ham and one of turkey or chicken. Add a little mustard and cayenne pepper and half a cup of cream or evaporated milk, beaten till stiff. Turn into a mold and when cold, serve.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious with the: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace," Numbers 6-23; "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in His ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands, happy shalt thou be if it shall be well with thee." Ps. 128-11, 12; "O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever, and he hath redeemed us from out enemies, for His mercy endureth forever, who giveth food to all flesh for His mercy endureth forever. O give thanks unto the God of Heaven, for His mercy endureth forever." Ps. 136 1-24, 25, 26.

A BIBLE LOVER.

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